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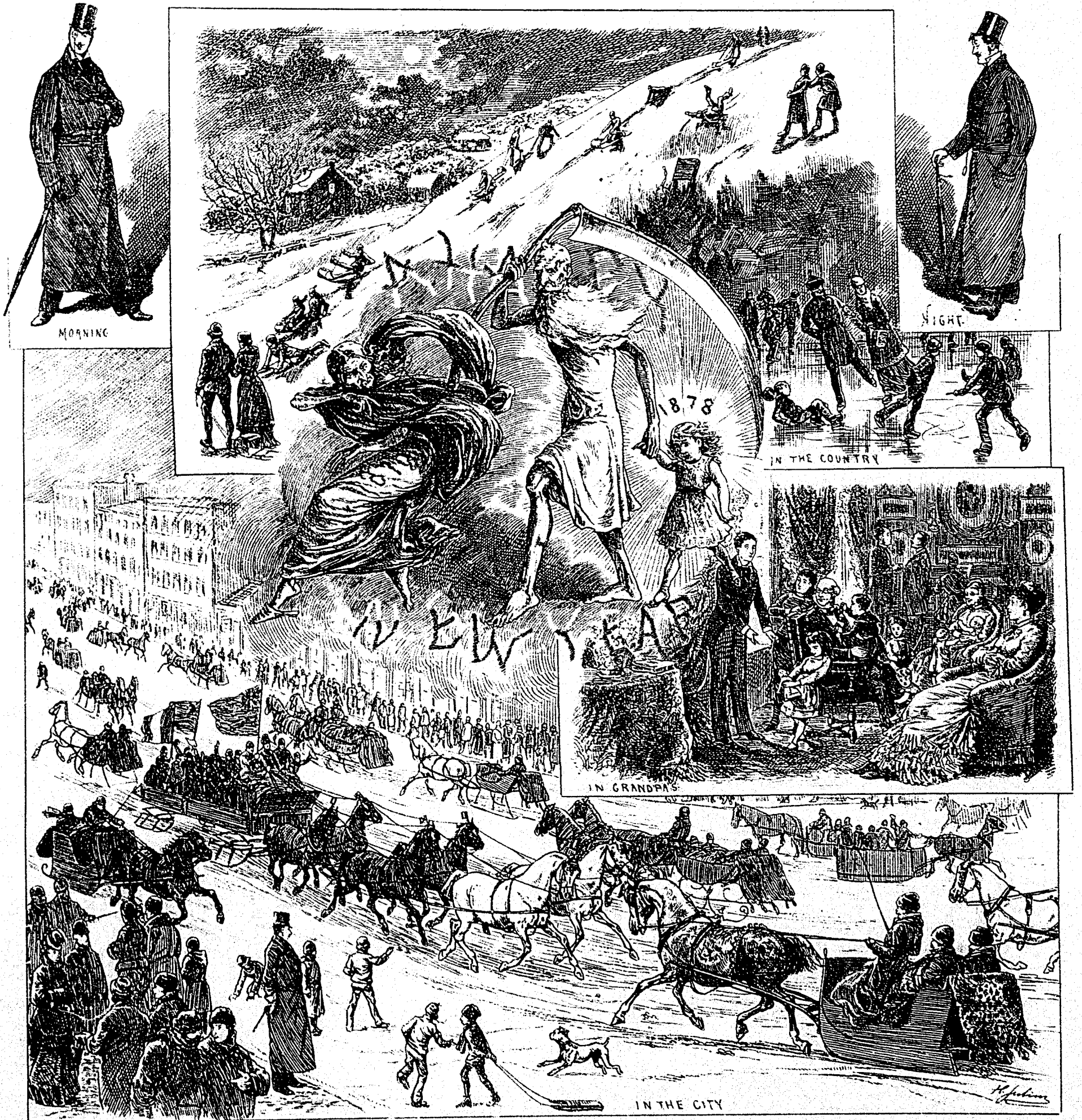
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Illustrated News

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters, in advance.

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NOTICE.

FOR 1878.

A NEW ATTRACTION.

Early in the new year we shall begin a series of illustrations, with appropriate text, of the principal industries, manufactures, and other resources of the Dominion. This is a subject not sufficiently known or appreciated by Canadians themselves, and which we intend to work up in a national spirit. For this purpose we have

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT,

who will visit every town and city in the Dominion, gathering scenes, illustrations, and statistics, and whatever else may contribute toward the object which we have in view. We call upon our friends everywhere to give him and us a hand in making this

HIGHLY USEFUL ENTERPRISE

a success. If we meet with proper encouragement, we shall leave no efforts on our part untried, and expect to gather such a mass of information as shall be hereafter worthy of collection in book form.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 22nd, 1877.

THE NEW YEAR.

On the eve of a new year, and the opening of the seventeenth volume of our journal, we feel justified in calling upon the public in every part of the Dominion to aid us in making the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS second to no journal of its class in the world. We have accomplished much in the way of improvements, and we think that we have fulfilled the promises which we made twelve months ago. But we feel that there still remains much to be done, and we call upon our friends to assist us in doing it. This is the only illustrated newspaper in the Dominion. It is also the only purely literary weekly. In this double capacity it has special claims upon the patronage of Canadians. It is a national undertaking, designed to reflect, PICTORIALY and EDITORIALY, the life, the sentiments, and the daily history of Canada. No other paper can do this in the same way, and hence the ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an intrinsic value quite distinct from any other publication.

Its principal features are:

I. The pictorial illustration of all leading Canadian events as they occur.

II. A complete gallery of all Canadian celebrities, with biographies attached. This gallery has now reached beyond three hundred, and is the only one of the kind ever published in the country.

III. The reproduction of the finest works of art.

IV. A great variety of original and selected literary matter.

V. Stories, sketches, poems, and other contributions by leading Canadian writers.

VI. Special attractions for the home circle.

It is when the numbers are bound into a volume that the worth of this publication appears more clearly. Within its pages are gathered treasures, such as Canadian scenery and biography which cannot be obtained anywhere else.

Every Canadian ought to be interested in the success and continued progress of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and should consider it his duty to encourage it to the extent of at least one year's subscription. None know better than ourselves how much it can still be improved, and we warrant that if we receive the patronage which we solicit, no effort on our part will be left untried to introduce a number of the most desirable improvements. Let the public throughout the country come forward generously with their support, and we guarantee to furnish them a paper which shall be a real credit to the Dominion. We will supply the material if our friends will only furnish the patronage. In the meantime, and in earnest expectation of that favour which we here solicit, we desire to offer all our friends, patrons and subscribers a Happy New Year, with many returns of the beautiful season.

QUEBEC.

The first portion of the Session is over, and an unusually long adjournment has commenced. This long recess is necessitated in order to suit the convenience of a number of members who are interested in the municipal elections which take place next month, and will last till the 14th. All obstacles to progress will be cleared away, and the House will then be able to complete its business without further delay.

Considerable interest was felt in the proceedings of Wednesday last, it being the first occasion on which the new Lieutenant-Governor officiated in the opening ceremonies. Tickets for admission were eagerly sought for, and every one expected the attendance of ladies would have been not only large but imposing. All that could be done was done to make the affair a splendid success, but the result was disappointing. Shortly before noon rain commenced to fall, and froze as fast as it fell, the consequence being that the ladies could not appear in full splendour, and, much to the disappointment of many, were unable to be present to see the Lieutenant-Governor in his new uniform.

The Usher of the Black Rod, Mr. S. Hall, a most courteous gentleman, was to be seen very busy all day arranging extra seats on the floor of the House, where visiting notables were to be placed. The chairs were all arranged, and a special messenger was carefully drilled as to where each distinguished visitor should be placed. The Usher of the Black Rod breathed freely, and went down to the front door to receive His Honor. There he was joined by a brilliant military staff, gorgeous in gold and silver lace and war-like trappings, while drawn up in front of the entrance was a detachment of B Battery, who gradually assumed the appearance of icy soldiers, so quickly did the rain freeze. Presently a large sleigh turns the corner, the band strikes up "God Save the Queen," the soldiers present arms, and the Lieutenant-Governor has arrived. He mounts to the rooms of the President of the Council, where he suddenly discovers he has forgotten his eye-glasses, and without them he cannot read the speech. A messenger is summoned and despatched for his glasses. As luck would have it, the one chosen was the very one so carefully drilled as to how the visitors were to be placed; in consequence, they were rather mixed, much to the disgust of the Usher of the Black Rod, who saw all his efforts to have every detail correct and according to etiquette cast to the winds by His Honor's eye-glasses.

You will notice I use the title His Honor. That is the one to which he is entitled, but Governors resident in Quebec were always styled Excellency, and the good people cannot get out of the habit.

The eye-glasses having arrived, the Lieutenant-Governor entered the Council Chamber and took his seat on the Throne, and the usual ceremonies were gone through, the Usher of the Black Rod was despatched for the Commoners, who flocked in the usual disorderly manner, followed by Speaker Beaubien in cocked-hat, &c., &c., accompanied by the Clerk and Deputy-Clerk of the House, also in cocked hats, &c., &c. The Speech was read, the Lieutenant-Governor raised his hat the proper number of times, Speaker Beaubien bowed profoundly each time the hat was raised, a copy of the speech was handed to the two Speakers, the Commoners returned to their Chamber, the Lieutenant-Governor, eye-glasses and all, went down stairs, the band played, the soldiers presented arms, the Lieutenant-Governor went home and took off his new clothes, and the third session of the third Parliament of the Province of Quebec was open.

To satisfy the doubts of all who may have any on the subject, let me here state that the Lieutenant-Governor was dressed in the Windsor Uniform which he obtained from England at a cost of something over \$300. The Usher of the Black Rod is entitled to wear a similar Uniform, but he would have to provide it himself. At Ottawa Mr. Kimber, Usher of the Black Rod, owns one and uses it, but then the country paid for it.

When the members of the Lower House returned to their chamber the new members were introduced. The first was Mr. Tarte, of *Le Canada*, member for Bonaventure. He was introduced

by Hon. Messrs. Angers and Baker and took his seat amidst solemn silence. Mr. Dumont, member for Kamouraska, then entered between Messrs. Joly and Paquet, and was faintly cheered by the opposition side of the House. He is the gentleman who was elected for the Local House in the place of Mr. Roy, Conservative, whose election created so much stir at Ottawa last session. He is a pleasant young man of gentlemanly appearance and I hear is a good speaker. How Mr. Fortin, re-elected for Gaspé, was the third to be introduced and was received with loud applause. It will be recollected that Mr. Fortin was Speaker of the House when he was unseated for bribery by his agents. He immediately resigned and went back to Gaspé, when he was opposed by Dr. Flynn, a Professor of Laval. Mr. Fortin was, however, successful. He is a most useful man, and one of those *rare* *aves* who work for their country's good without pay. As it will be remembered, during last season he gave his services gratis to the Ottawa Government in obtaining witnesses for the Fishery Commission, and there is no doubt that his efforts contributed to the result so satisfactory to Canada. Mr. Richard Alleyn, the new member for Quebec West, was absent, owing to the death of his little daughter from falling down stairs at the Sillery Convent. Rumour is already busy with his name, it being currently stated that he will be taken into the Ministry after the close of the Session.

On Wednesday the address was moved by Mr. Tarte, and seconded by Mr. Thornton, member for Stanstead, who replaced Mr. Alleyn. A debate of unusual length followed, in the course of which the Treasurer acknowledged having borrowed half a million of dollars from the Bank of Montreal at seven per cent., and explained his reasons for so doing. Mr. Bellingham, member for Argenteuil, attempted to take the Treasurer to task for the manner in which he had obtained the loan, and suggested what, in his view, was the proper course to be pursued.

The number of members present at the opening of the session was unusually large when it is considered the House would only sit for three days. There are only six members absent, and several of those are detained by illness.

On Thursday Mr. Richard Alleyn was introduced and took his seat. He will be a valuable addition to the House.

The work of Thursday afternoon was principally routine, tending to advance all the work that was possible.

The Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Larocque, formerly member for Chambly County, has created quite a revolution in the Parliamentary Building. He has had the whole interior whitened and painted and new floor-cloth and matting laid down in the passages, and he has done it all at a very small cost.

The interest taken by the public here in the proceedings of the House is very variable; the first two days the galleries were crowded, but on all occasions by the male sex, not a dozen ladies being present at any one time. On Wednesday evening there was a brief sitting, when the attendance was very large and the heat correspondingly great.

In our House of Lords here the three new appointees were introduced, and the House adjourned till Thursday, when Hon. John Hearn moved and Mr. De La Bruere seconded the Address. The assembled Solons may as well adjourn till the end of January, for they will have nothing to do till that time.

The Hon. Treasurer has brought down the Public Accounts. Mr. Joly, when he heard the message read, shouted "Hear, hear," and afterwards rose to explain that when he said "Hear, hear" he meant to express his delight and gratification at the Public Accounts being brought down so early in the session. This little scene was greeted with loud laughter, it being a standing joke against the Government that they always bring down the public Accounts so late in the session.

The House has adjourned till next month; the lights are out; the curtains are drawn down; the members have gone home, and Quebec once more resumes its quiet aspect.

THE GRANGE.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

The importance of the agricultural interest is unquestioned. It is the chief wealth producer of the country. More than half of the whole population of the province of Ontario is actively engaged in it, and a large proportion of the other half derive profit out of it. Therefore, whatever affects this important industry affects everybody.

Travellers, in the older districts of Ontario, are often struck with the elegant and affluent appearance of many of the old homesteads. Delightfully located, with windows looking out upon a broad stretch of lovely scenery; surrounded by grand old trees, with, perhaps, a bit of green hill for a background, how charming the dear old places look. In summer, the un-stunted lawn is made rich by a profusion of brightly tinted flowers, and the quiet air is perfumed with their delightful fragrance. Perhaps a couple of bright-eyed, rosy cheeked girls, just home from boarding-school, are out in the morning sun attending to some favorite plants, while innumerable little birds are fitting gaily about among the shrubbery. Through the open windows may be had glimpses of the luxuriant home, with its beautiful pictures, filling the rooms with smiles, the open piano, the well filled library, and the hundred other et ceteras

belonging to taste and refinement. If you have occasion to enter, you converse with an intelligent gentleman, and the cheerful face of his happy wife gives you an eloquent welcome.

In neighboring fields men are engaged at work, and, in the direction of the substantial barns, hard-by, may be heard a cheering chorus, kept up by a variety of poultry. Apple and peach orchards, around about, give promise of an abundance of the golden fruit; everywhere, the place teems with the appearance of plenty.

A sweetly charming scene; bright, peaceful, happy; there is about the whole place an inobtrusive air of grand independence. It is a song of gladness; a beautiful picture in reality. Within that delightful abode will be found the highest, purest, noblest type of life.

But, unfortunately, such a scene is the exception. The great bulk of the rural people know nothing of such an ideal existence. Notwithstanding its importance, the agricultural pursuit has been burdened with a variety of disadvantages which have seriously affected many of the farmers and their families, socially, intellectually and financially.

There has been a life of perpetual drudgery, without any of the sunshine of poetry. Isolation deprived them of the privilege of social intercourse, and the necessity of an attractive home was not felt to any great degree.

They toil on, year after year, and, through a lack of properly directed effort, their labour has been but poorly rewarded. Many of their sons, and daughters too, becoming weary of the hopelessly laborious life, wander off, to eke out a precarious living in towns and cities. The farms being thus deprived of the efforts of the young and vigorous, fall into decay; continue to be unprofitable to the end of the chapter, and the spirit of progress becomes a stranger in the rural districts.

It is extremely creditable to the intelligent farmers that the causes of the unsatisfactory state of the agricultural pursuit have been discovered, and it is still more creditable that they have, at last, set manfully to work to remedy the evil.

In the organization known as the "Grange," has been found a means whereby agricultural people may combine to advance their common interest. The movement met with the ready and hearty countenance of a large number of all classes of the rural people of Canada.

The word "Grange," in England, is applied to an old farm, or manor house, surrounded by ancient trees and sometimes by a moat or ditch. Literally, it signifies a "stronghold." Another meaning to the word, which seems peculiarly applicable, is "the home of the family," or "the place of meeting." It will be observed, therefore, that it is erroneous to apply the term "Granger" to the patrons. The correct term to apply to the members of this important organization is "Patrons of Husbandry," and the "Grange" is the place wherein they meet. None but agriculturists, their wives, sons and daughters are eligible for membership.

The question "What is the Grange?" and also the question as to "What are the grievances which the farmers have to complain of?" are both admirably answered by the declaration of its principles, viz.:

"1st. We heartily endorse the motto 'In essentials, Unity; in non-essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity.'"

2nd. We shall endeavour to advance our cause by laboring to accomplish the following objects:

To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves.

To enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes, and strengthen our attachment to our pursuits.

To foster mutual understanding and co-operation.

To reduce our expenses, both individual and co-operative.

To buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining.

To diversify our crops, and calculate intelligently on probabilities.

To discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy.

We propose meeting together, talking together, buying together, selling together, and in general acting together for our mutual protection and advancement, as association may require.

We shall avoid litigation as much as possible by arbitration in the Grange.

We shall earnestly endeavour to suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, all selfish ambition.

Faithful adherence to these principles will insure our moral, social, mental and material advancement.

We desire only self protection and the protection of every true interest of our land by legitimate transactions, legitimate trade and legitimate profits.

The Grange is not a political or party organization.

The principle which should characterize every Grange member is, "That the office should seek the man; not the man the office."

It is reserved by every patron, as his right, as a free man, to affiliate with any party that will best carry out his principles."

Those are the vital principles of the organization by which the farmers hope to elevate and enrich the agricultural pursuit.

Many of the more prosperous and wealthy agriculturists, perhaps, do not require any such society for their own sake, but they have thrown their influence into the movement, that

their poorer brethren may be lifted up into a higher and better life.

The movement is in a flourishing condition in this neighbourhood. There are, in this county, besides the Wentworth Division Grange, several subordinate, or township granges.

It will be seen that the grand aim of this organization is to promote a higher moral, mental and social standing among the people, and growth in this higher manhood will be accompanied by material progress. The "buying and selling" aspect of the question is only an issue, one branch of the mighty tree, which is spreading its sheltering limbs over the parched land. And if there is any justification for the existence of Boards of Trade, by which commercial men may combine to look after their own and the country's mercantile interests, there can be no legitimate reason why farmers should not amalgamate to promote the welfare of the agricultural pursuit.

In conclusion, I have but to say, that a natural fondness of the country—an inbred love of rural felicity—and an earnest desire to see the "tillers of the soil" happy in their noble pursuit, enjoying adequate returns for their labor, and reveling in that princely independence which country life alone affords, has prompted these few rambling remarks.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, Ont.

ANOTHER CANADIAN ASTRONOMER.

I was impressed with a feeling of deep surprise on coming across the article entitled "A New Astronomical Theory," which appeared in the last issue of your paper. I will state presently the reason why I felt so surprised.

For the last ten or twelve years I have given much thought to scientific subjects, and endeavoured, as far as the nature of my avocations and means of acquiring knowledge allowed me, to keep abreast of the scientific movement of the day. Astronomy was my favourite study. I was strongly induced to give a special attention to that particular branch of science from the predilection I felt for it and from a hope that, by dint of thought and application, and following the inductive method of reasoning, my efforts would end in the discovery of the true nature of that mysterious universal force called gravitation. I was immeasurably ambitious in my aims, you will say, and little conscious of the nature of my search, but in whatever light my efforts may be considered, such was really the end I was aiming at.

One thing greatly increased my hope and confidence in the success of my undertaking. I felt confident that studying Nature in the light of the doctrine of the Correlation of Forces, or Conservation of Energy, which has lately assumed great prominence in the world of thought, could not but lead, sooner or later, to the solution of the difficulty, and I accordingly directed my thoughts with a certain degree of earnestness in that particular line of study. The idea of unity in matter and force soon became the prominent one in my mind, and I strove to trace it up and realize it in the domain of Nature, being almost certain that, in case of success, the ultimate object would then be within my reach.

And now,—shall I say it?—I am profoundly convinced, however wrong I might be in my judgment—I am profoundly convinced that I have attained the end I had in view, and this I say, being fully conscious of the almost awful importance of the claim I have concluded to lay before the public.

There is one reason above all others which induces me to step forward and lay my claim without further delay. Your readers will admit that the reason is strong and urgent. The conclusion I arrived at as to the inner cause of the orbital motion of the planets is precisely the same as that which Mr. Macdonald has come to in his pamphlet, and, with the exception of, I must say, a very important particular, is based on the same reasons he adduces in support of his theory. I have not had the pleasure of reading the pamphlet, nor heard anything about Mr. Macdonald's astronomical views before. I read your comments upon it, but the summary you have given of it sufficiently brings out the tenor of his reasoning. I said with the exception of a very important particular. I cannot agree with Mr. Macdonald in his statement that "the heat of the sun causes the motion of the medium" in such a manner that the medium impressed by the solar heat reacts upon the sun and causes it "to revolve on its axis, as well as the planets." I hope I do not misunderstand his statement. As I apprehend it, it can be shown, I think, that it clashes with a fundamental law of Physics, viz., Action and Reaction are equal. If Mr. Macdonald can maintain his position on this point, he can show that, in the appliance of the lever, the fulcrum can be dispensed with. The nature of heat is no longer involved in mystery. Through the researches of such men as Joule, Rankin, Tyndall, Forbes, Mayer, Melloni, Clausius, and other celebrities in the scientific world, such light has been thrown on the nature of heat as to make it amenable to physical laws, and bring its force within the limits of calculation. To Dr. Joule, of Manchester, is due in main part the precise determination of the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat, and science measures now by the foot-pounds, or reckons in units of work the amount of force that can be evolved, for example, from a ton of coal or a log of wood (I presume that it would have to be measured first and its nature ascertained) when subject to the process of combustion. This reduction of

heat to a mechanical equivalent, the drift of the dynamical theory of heat which has now superseded the mechanical theory, the law of the Correlation of Forces, all combine to show that the law: Action and Reaction are equal, has as much to do with heat as with any other of the physical forces, not excepting electricity itself. If the sun through its heat imparts motion to the medium that surrounds it, that medium cannot give back that motion to the sun without coming itself to rest. The sun or the medium must be in turn the fulcrum on which the lever of heat can operate, and I need not add that it is essential for a successful operation, that the fulcrum itself be at rest. But Mr. Macdonald will say that the motion imparted by the sun through its heat to the medium is restored to the sun converted into a motion of a different nature, and that it is this new form of motion (now rotation of the sun on its axis) which, being imparted anew to the medium, sends it circling round the sun, and with it all the planets in the solar system. This, if there is any truth in the doctrine of the Correlation of Forces, does not alter the state of the question. The sun cannot get back from the medium more than the equivalent of force or motion, no matter under what form, that he imparts to it; and if that equivalent of motion or force, which can be nothing else than the re-action of his action on the medium, be sufficient to make it revolve on its axis, the medium must oppose an equivalent of resisting force, which it could not do if it revolved itself with the sun. The medium cannot play the part of the lever and the fulcrum at the same time, no more than the sun and the solar heat. By Mr. Macdonald's reasoning one would be led to think that the "king of fire" is moving in a vicious circle. In my opinion, the action of the solar heat on the medium causes the phenomenon of light. The Wave-Theory of light warrants me to say so. As to the existence of the medium, which is the groundwork of Mr. Macdonald's theory, it will not be met with disapproval on the part of science. It can be nothing else than that highly elastic medium called ether, which is the base of the undulatory theory of light. This ether may be shown, perhaps before long, to be earth matter, and that not in its most refined state either, but coarse-grained in a degree sufficient to leave some impression when sent by solar heat battering against the retina!

I am of opinion, Mr. Editor, that the true cause of the sun's revolving on its axes must be sought out of the solar system, somewhere in the starry vault of heaven. It is a cause analogous to that which causes the earth to revolve on her axis, or any of the primary and secondary planets revolving on their axis in their respective orbits. It is analogous, but not the same. I think it can be shown that the cause of the moon's rotation on her axis comes from the earth revolving in her orbit, that the earth's rotation on her axis is due to the sun's motion in his orbit, and that his own rotatory movement is caused by the orbital motion of that sun, or system of suns, around which our own sun, himself subject to the law of gravitation, is made to sweep the boundless space. If that holds good for our sun and his system, by induction, it must be law as well for all the heavenly bodies revolving in the star depths, to the very centre of the universe. The ultimate cause of all this complication of motion lies in the arm of the Almighty.

I am sorely trying your patience, Mr. Editor; please bear with me a little while longer. Although the conclusion I arrived at as to the motion of the planets in the solar system, considered in relation with Mr. Macdonald's, might, if not materially confirm his views, draw at least more attention to the subject, yet I could not with good grace step forward now and make the statement that I, too, came to the same conclusion, unless I had something to show in support of my claim. With your permission, I will say what I have yet to say in the matter. It is the cause that led me to write at all, and on the strength of which I have concluded to lay a claim before the tribunal of science, which, on account of its high importance, I would be very unwilling to make, were it not that I am profoundly convinced of the tenableness of my position.

Having realized, as I thought, the idea of unity in matter and force, I elaborated thereon a theory, on which, in my opinion, all the phenomena of inorganic nature are explainable. If all the phenomena, I have to include, of course, electricity, positive and negative, with its complication of currents; terrestrial magnetism, with all its features, including the manner and variation in place of the magnetic poles, the aurora borealis and zodiacal light; the fall of aerolites, and whence they come; what causes the planets to grow, and whence they draw their substance, and last, but not least, the law of universal gravitation.

I was engaged comparing my notes and drawing them in a suitable form to lay my claim before the proper tribunal, when your article, announcing Mr. Macdonald's theory, came as a thunderbolt upon me, and left me almost no other alternative but to make my own views public, and that as soon as I possibly can.

The little pamphlet I am preparing for publication bears the title: "The Earth, Ever Changing and Ever the Same," with the first verse of Genesis on the title page. As it was not intended for the general public, I do not claim that its form is the most suitable to that end.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space, I remain, &c.,

ABBÉ DOUCET.

Inkerman, Co. Gloucester, New Brunswick.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Have in readiness a pack, all the cards of which are well arranged in successive order; that is to say, if it consist of fifty-two cards, every thirteen must be regularly arranged, without a duplicate of any one of them. After they have been cut (but do not suffer them to be shuffled) as many times as a person may choose, form them into thirteen heaps of four cards each, with the coloured faces downward, and put them carefully together again. When this is done the four kings, four queens, the four knaves, and so on must necessarily be together.

THE SHUFFLED SEVEN.

Desire a person to remember a card and its place in the pack; then in a dexterous manner, convey a certain number of the cards from the top to the bottom; and subtract them in your mind, from the number of the pack; for example, the pack consists of fifty-two cards, and you have conveyed seven to the bottom; tell the person the card he has thought of will be the forty-fifth, reckoning from the number of the card, the place of which he has to name; thus, if he say it is the ninth you go on counting nine, ten, eleven, &c., and the card he thought of will be exactly the forty-fifth as you announced.

THE NOTED CARD NAMED.

Take any number of cards, ten or twelve for instance, bear in mind how many there are, and holding them with their backs toward you, open four or five of the uppermost, and, as you hold them out to view, let any one note a card, and tell you whether it be the first, second, or third from the top. Now shut up your cards in your hands, and place the rest of the pack upon them; knock their ends and sides upon the table, so that it will seem impossible to find the noted card; yet it may be easily done—thus: Subtract the number of cards you held in your hand from fifty-two, the whole number in the pack, and to the remainder add the number of the noted card, which will give you the number of the noted card from the top.

THE COACH

Is a capital Christmas game, and suitable for any period of the year, when a large family party are assembled. It is played as follows:—One narrates an adventure, in which a coach and its appointments are the prominent figures. The rest assume the names of these; one is "the coach," another "the hind wheels," a third "the front wheels," a fourth "the doors," and so on for "the panels," "the box," "the coachman," "the four horses," "the leaders," &c., till all are settled, when the narrator begins a story. Whenever mention is made of the above names, the one so designated must jump up and turn round before resuming his or her seat; but when "the coach" is named all rise up, and turn round twice, otherwise a forfeit is exacted from those who omit it. The game is nothing without a narrator, who contrives to bring in as rapidly as possible all the various names, and to keep the whole party in a constant bustle.

THE TWELVE TRAVELLERS.

This is a feat similar to the foregoing, and depending on the same principles. You volunteer to put twelve travellers into eleven beds, so that each may have a bed to himself. This you do by producing eleven wafers or counters, and placing them in a line upon the table. Then you begin by saying, "I put two travellers into the first bed, the third into the second," and so on up to the tenth, where you will have placed the eleventh traveller, and yet have one bed empty. You now take the extra traveller away from the first bed, which had two, and place him in the eleventh bed, by which means you will seem to have accommodated the twelve travellers singly in eleven beds.

LITTLE BASKET.

This game will do when a rest is required. Let the company sit, forming a circle, and the first person is to say, "I have a little basket," the next must reply, "What did you have in it?" The first person must then mention something beginning with the letter A, before the second person has finished counting ten, or a forfeit will be required. The second person then puts the same question to the third and so on, until A has gone round; then B, C, D, and the whole of the alphabet.

THE GAME OF CONSEQUENCES.

This is best played by five persons, though six can engage in it. First obtain some white paste-board, or black cards, and cut them into thin slips, all of one size. There should be at least four dozen slips, but eight dozen will be better still, as the game will then be longer and more varied. We will, however, suppose that there are four dozen slips of card; first take twenty-four of these slips, and write in a legible hand upon each the name of one of the players; then take twelve more cards, and write on each the name of a place, as "in the square," "in the chapel," "in the orchard," "at a party," "at college," &c.; lastly, on the remaining dozen cards, write the consequences, or what happened to the young ladies; you may say, for instance, "they went to be married," "they were overtaken by a storm," "they were robbed on the way," &c., contriving the consequences that they shall not appear absurd or unmeaning.

When the cards are ready, the play may commence by one of the party taking the cards

which have the names (two names being read together), while another takes the cards that designate the places, and a third takes charge of the consequences; the cards should be well shuffled and laid in piles before each of the players, with the blank side uppermost.

TERCE, OR TOUCH THE THIRD.

In this game the company stand two-and-two in a circle, excepting in one place, where they stand three deep, thus: One stands outside of the circle, and is on no account allowed to get within it. The object is to touch the third one wherever to be found; but, when attempting this, they dart in to the circle, and take a place before some of the others. Then the third one who stands behind becomes the object; but they likewise slip into the circle, and take the place in front of another. The pursuer is thus led from point to point in the circle, for he must always aim at one who forms the outside of a row of three. Anyone caught changes place with the pursuer. This game affords charming exercise. Sometimes it is agreed that the pursuer may touch the third one with his or her handkerchief which is, of course, more likely to be effectual than touching with the hand.

POST.

A circle is formed, and each person fixes on the name of a town. All these names are written on a piece of paper, and one holds this, standing outside the circle as a reader. One of the party is then blindfolded, and stands in the centre. The reader cries, "I send a letter from London to Liverpool," or to any other two towns that have been chosen. The two who represent these towns must change places, and while doing so, Blindly tries to catch one of them. If she succeed, the one caught is blinded. When "General Post" is called out, all must change places.

LACHINE CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

We again present our readers with two pictures of the works at St. Gabriel Locks (an important portion of this Branch of the St. Lawrence Canal Improvements), now being actively pushed forward by Messrs. Loss & McRae, contractors. The pictures are taken as follows:—One looking south-west, bringing prominently into view the stone-yard, occupying the upper portion of McGavran's Island. Here the cut stone is in progress of being prepared for the masonry structure; also are seen the various appliances for unloading the rough material from the canal barges and re-loading the same to carry it to its final destination in lock, bridges and other structures where required on this section.

The second picture looks north-east toward the harbor in the line of the canal, showing the present lock erected in 1845, and renewed last spring, also the new lock in course of construction, and the numerous extensive manufactories lining its banks are brought out with picturesque fidelity.

The contractors have made considerable progress since our former visit, some four thousand cubic yards being now completed at the new lock during a period of about two months' work; the previous portion of the season being occupied in preparing the foundations.

The amount of work in this contract contains about 300,000 cube yards of excavation, 40,000 cube yards of masonry and over 1,000,000 feet of lumber, with other items. About two-thirds of the excavation, one-fourth of the masonry, and one-third of the lumber structures are now completed.

The contractors are making extensive preparations to carry on the several works during the winter season, taking every advantage of the canal being now laid dry until the month of April next, when building operations will be resumed at the new lock and raceway adjoining. During the winter season the south lock wall and excavation between Wellington Bridge and the present lock are expected to be completed, and it is hoped the present laborers' strike on the canal will not seriously interfere with the proposed winter operations, but that some amicable and satisfactory arrangements may be entered into by the parties interested, strikes being generally injurious both to contractors and their workmen, also avoiding the necessity of stopping the manufactories which derive their power from the canal for another winter, and expediting the opening of the new enlargement, with all its advantages to the leading interests of Montreal.

The Lachine Canal enlargement is now being carried out under the charge of J. G. Sippell, Esq., Chief Local Engineer, with his staff of active assistants, this section being under the immediate inspection of Mr. John Sutcliffe, C.E.

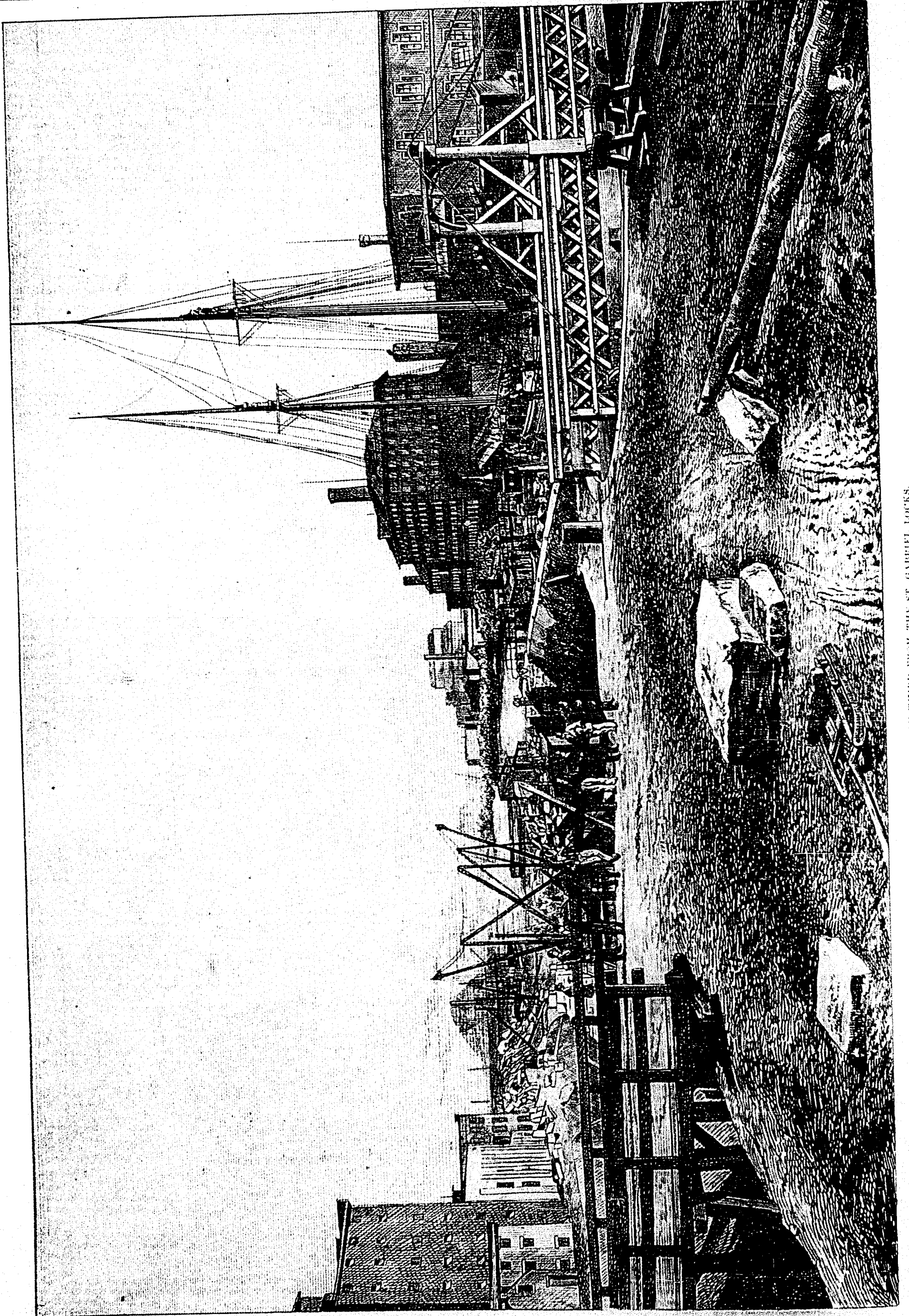
The photographs are from beautiful originals by Henderson, of this city.

It is now very fashionable for a woman to remark that she has the heart disease, and that it is greatly aggravated by her husband's conduct.

A SWELL who stuttered horribly, paid court to a very pretty actress. "Ah, sir," said she, "life is too short. I haven't time to listen to you."

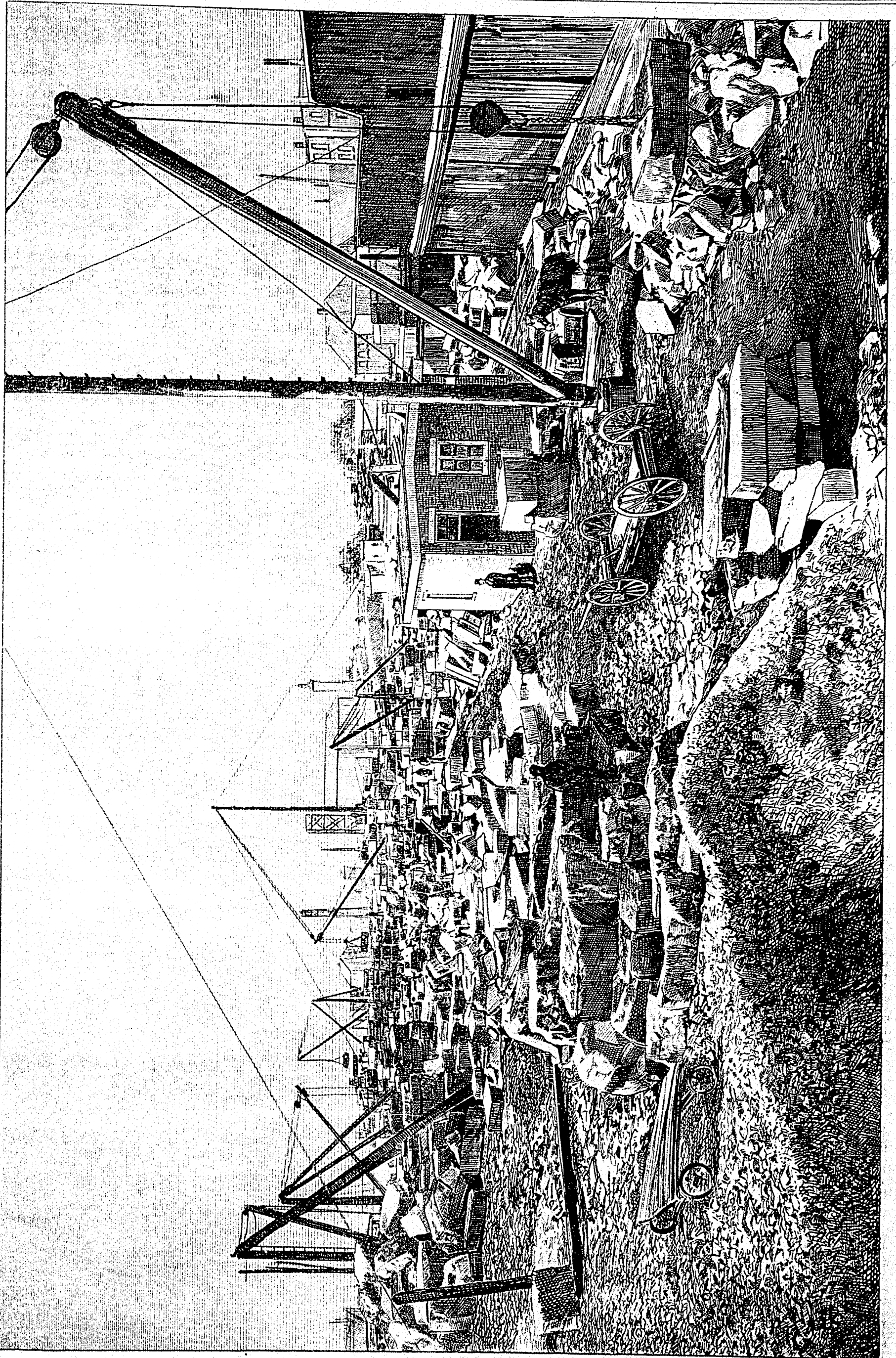
BEFORE they are married she will carefully turn down his coat collar when it gets awry; but after that event she'll jerk it down into position as if she was jerking a door-mat out of the window.

LACHINE CANAL ENLARGEMENT.



VIEW OF SECTION THIRD FROM THE ST. GABRIEL LOCKS.

LACHINE CANAL ENLARGEMENT.



STONE YARD FOR WORKS ON SECTION THIRD.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY,"
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN APPEAL TO COMMON SENSE.

"We will appeal" to the man's common sense first. The thing is absurd and preposterous.

He did make that appeal to Wassielewski, and as it was a complete failure, I suppose the old conspirator had no common sense.

He called in the morning at his lodgings, that one room which I have described, where the old man told me my own story in all its hideous details, sparing nothing. The Pole was sitting at the table, the map of Poland in his hand, preparing for the campaign. Long lists and estimates lay beside him, with which he was estimating the progress and duration of the struggle. The longer the revolt, the more lives sacrificed, the greater the exasperation and cruelties of the Muscov, the better for Poland. Tears of women, he used to say in his grim way, and blood of men together fructify the soil, so that it produces heroes.

At sight of a stranger he sprang to his feet, and clutched his papers.

"You do not remember me," said Leonard. "I do not," replied the old man, gazing keenly and suspiciously into his face. Spies and police assume so many forms that they might even be looked for beneath the guise of a young Englishman. "Who are you, and what do you want with me?"

"My name is Leonard Copleston. I am the old friend of Ladislus Pulaski. One of his only friends."

"He has many," said Wassielewski.

"Friends in his own country."
"Friends who will make him the tool of their own purposes and lead him, if they got their own will, to death. I am one of the friends who want him to live."

Wassielewski made no reply for a moment. Then he seemed to recollect.

"I know you now," he said. "You went away to seek your fortune. You used to come to our barrack and learn things. The Poles were good to you, then."

"Some of your people taught me French and Russian, riding, fencing, all sorts of useful things. I am grateful to them."

"And your fortune—it is found?"
"Yes; I am an officer in the army; I have been in the Crimea."

The old man's face brightened.

"Aha! you fought the Muscovite. We were watching, hoping to fight him too, but our chance never came. Why—why did you not make a demonstration in Poland?"

"We did what we could, and we got the best of it."

The Pole sighed. Then he resumed his suspicious look.

"Why do you come to see me? Can I fiddle for you? I can march before troops of your men playing a hornpipe. What else can I do for you? Ah! I see—I see," his face assumed a look of cunning. "You are a friend of Ladislus Pulaski, and you come here to persuade me not to take him. That is too late. He has pledged himself, and he must keep his word. Say what you have to say and leave me. I have much to think of."

"What I have to say is short. It is absurd to drag in to the meshes of your conspiracy a man like Ladislus, the most peaceful, the most unpractical, the most dreamy of men. Even now, when you half-maddened him with some horrible story of death and torture, his sympathies are only half with you. He cannot speak Polish; he is a quiet English musician as unfit for a campaign as any girl. Why do you seek to take away his life? What earthly good can his death do to Poland?"

"He is a Pulaski. That is why he must come with us. His father, Roman Pulaski, dragged out ten years of misery in a Siberian mine. Ladislus must strike a blow to revenge him."

"Revenge! revenge!" Leonard cried impatiently.

"Yes, young gentleman," Wassielewski rose to his full height, looking something like an eagle. "Revenge! That is the word. For every cruel and treacherous murder there shall be revenge full and substantial. Did Ladislus tell you the story of his father?"

"No, not yet."

"That is not well. His mother, too, was murdered when the Russian stole her boy, and she ran after the carts through the winter snow, bareheaded, crying and imploring for her child till she could run no longer, and so fell down and died. Did Ladislus tell you of his mother?"

"No."

"It is not well. Ladislus should tell everybody these things. He should repeat them to himself twice a day; he should never let them go out of his brain."

"Why did you disturb the current of his peaceful life with the story?"

"To fire his blood; to quicken his sluggish pulse. The boy is a dreamer. I would spur him into action."

"You cannot do that. But you might spur him into madness. What is the use of filling his

thoughts with revenge which can only be dreamed of?"

"Only be dreamed of?" Wassielewski cried, almost with a shriek. "Why, man, I have dreamed of revenge for twenty years and more. Only be dreamed of? Why, we shall put the revenge into action at once. Do you hear? at once—next week. We start next week—we—but you are an Englishman," he stopped short, "and you would not betray me."

"I betray no one. But Ladislus shall not go with you."

"I say he shall," Wassielewski replied calmly. "I have persuaded him. He is expected. Revenge? Yes; a long scourge from generation to generation."

"An unworthy thing to seek. I thought you Poles were patriots."

"It is because we are patriots that we seek revenge. How easy it is for you English, who have no wrongs to remember, to talk with contempt of revenge. What do you know of backs scarred and seamed with Russian sticks? What murdered sons have you for the women to lament? What broken promises, ruined homes, outraged hearths, secret wrongs, and brutal imprisonments? Go, sir; leave me alone with my plans; and talk to no Pole about living in peace."

"He is deformed."

"So much the better. All the Pulaskis for centuries have been tall and straight. Who crippled the boy? The Russians. Let the people see his round back and hear his story."

"He is weak; he cannot march; he cannot even carry a gun."

"Yes; he is strong enough to carry a rifle, and use it, too."

"He is a dreamer. Let him dream away his life in peace."

"He may dream, if he likes—in the next world," said the conspirator, grimly. "Poland claims all her sons—dreamers, and poets, and all. This is a *levée en masse*, a universal conscription, which knows of no exceptions. He must join the rest, and march to meet his fate. Shall a son of Roman Pulaski stay in inglorious exile while the Poles are rising again?"

Leonard made a gesture of impatience.

"It is madness. Man, it is murder."

Wassielewski sighed and sat down—he had been walking up and down the room. Resting one hand upon his papers, he looked up sorrowfully at Leonard speaking in low tones of conviction and with softened eyes.

"It is what I have said to myself a thousand times. Ladislus is not a soldier, let him live. I say it still, in the day time. But at night, when I am quite alone in the moonlight, I sometimes see the form of his mother, the Lady Claudia. She is in white, and she points to Poland. Her face is not sad but joyous. Perhaps that is because she is going to have her son again, in Heaven—after the Russians have killed him. I asked her, once, because I wished to save the boy, if he should go. She smiled and pointed her finger still. After that, I knew. She wants to have him with her."

"That was a dream of the night, Wassielewski."

"No—no," he shook his head and laughed. "I am not to be persuaded that it was a dream. Why, I should be mad indeed if I were to take the injunctions of my dear and long lost mistress to be a dream."

"People are sometimes deceived," said Leonard, "by the very force of their thoughts—by illusions of the brain—by fancies—"

"It seems a cruel thing," Wassielewski went on, unheeding, "but it cannot be cruel, if his mother orders it. The boy must come with me: he must join the villagers: he must learn their language—if he has time: march with them: eat with them: and carry his life in his hand until Death comes for him. It will be bad for him at first, but he will grow stronger, and then he will feel the battle fever, so that when I am killed he will be better able to protect himself. And perhaps he will escape—a good many Poles have escaped. Then you will have him back again. But I do not think he will, because in the night I see visions of battles between the Russians and the Poles, and I never see him among them, even in myself."

"Poor Wassielewski," said Leonard, touched with his fanatic simplicity.

"He is a good lad," the old man went on. "I loved him first for his mother's sake, but learned to love him for his own. He has a tender soul, like a woman's, and a face like a girl's. We shall have to accustom him to scenes that he knows nothing of. We do not make war in Poland with kid gloves. We kill and are killed: we shoot and are shot: we use every weapon that we can find and call it lawful. We slaughter every Muscov who falls into our hands, and we expect to be slaughtered ourselves. It is war to the knife between us, and the Poles are always on the losing side."

"Then why make these mad attempts at insurrection?"

"Because the time has come round again. Once in every generation, sometimes twice, that time comes round. Now it is upon us, and

we are ready to move. You wish to save your friend. It is too late; his name is here, upon the roll of those who dare to die."

"Why," said Leonard, "you are a worse dreamer than poor Ladislus. On whose head will the guilt of all this bloodshed lie, except on yours and the madmen among whom you work?"

Wassielewski shook his head.

"The crime be on the head of the Czar. Rebellion is my life. I think of it all day, and dream of it all night. By long thinking you come to learn the wishes of the dead. They whisper to me, these voices of the silent night, 'What we died for you must die for, what we suffered for you must suffer for; the soil of Poland is rank with the blood of martyrs. Do you, too, with the rest, take the musket, and go to lie in that sacred earth.' They have chosen me, the noble dead; they have elected me to join in their fellowship. Leonard shall sit beside me, with them. I have spoken."

He finished, and pointed to the door. There was nothing more to be said, and Leonard came away, disheartened.

"It is no use, Ladislus," he said. "The man is mad with long brooding over his wrongs. I have never been much in the conspiracy and rebellion line, but now I understand what a conspirator is like in private life, and I don't like him. When I read henceforth of Guy Fawkes, Damians, Cassius, Brutus, and other gentlemen of their way of thinking, I shall always remember old Wassielewski, with his deep-set eyes, his overhanging eyebrows, that far-off look of his, and the calm way in which he contemplates being killed. Even Havelock and his saints never marched to death with greater composure. And killed he certainly will be with all the madmen who go with him."

"I must go with him, Leonard. I have promised. I am pledged."

"We shall see," he replied.

The vague words brought a little hope to my soul. The thirst for revenge, alien to my nature, was gone now, despite the burning wrongs, the shameful and horrible history which the old man had told me. I looked forward with unutterable disgust to a campaign among Polish rebels. I was indeed an unworthy son of Poland.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DIPLOMATIST.

It was not with any view of appealing to Herr Räumers generosity that Leonard called upon him. Quite the contrary. He went to see what manner of man this alien would appear to him seen in the light of extended experience. And he avoided all reference to Celia. It was in the forenoon that he went. The German was sitting at his piano playing snatches of sentimental ditties and students' songs with a pipe in his lips, which he occasionally put down to warble something in French or German about Mariette remembering Lindor, and all the rest of it, or "How Love survives Absence," "How Hard it is for Friends to Part." His love for music never carried him beyond the ballad stage, and all the things he played were reminiscences of some time spent among students or young officers at Heidelberg, Vienna, or Paris.

He got up—big, massive, imposing—and greeted his visitor cordially.

"Who comes to see me, drinks with me," he said, hospitably, "always excepting Ladislus Pulaski, who drinks with no one. Sit down, Captain Copleston. I am glad to see you so early. That shows that you are going to talk. So—a cigar—*Liebfrauenmilch*—and good—so. When Fortune means most kindly to a man, she makes him a soldier. I congratulate you."

"Have you served yourself?"

"I have—in the Austrian cavalry. I had an accident, and could ride no more. That is why I abandoned my career."

"Ah!" said Leonard, thoughtfully, "I knew you had been a soldier. One never quite loses the reminiscences of drill."

They went on talking in idle fashion.

"And you still keep up the same interest in the Poles, Herr Räumers?"

"Poles?" He started. "What interest?"

"When last I saw you, I was learning French at the Polish Barrack, and you used to ask me about them—you remember?"

"Ah!—Yes.—So.—Yes. I remember perfectly. The poor Poles. But they are all gone now, except one or two, and I had forgotten them."

"Wassielewski remains. You know him?"

"By name. Ladislus talks about him." This was not true. "He is the irreconcilable Pole—the ideal Pole. A harmless enthusiast."

"Enthusiast, perhaps. Harmless, no."

"There are plenty like him about the world," said the German, quietly. "They seldom do mischief. They are in London, Paris, New York, and Stamboul. They are even in Moscow. Let them conspire."

"No mischief!" Leonard echoed. "The Russians prevent that by their secret service, I suppose." He looked at his friend steadily. "We know by Crimean experience how well that is conducted. Why—they had a Russian spy, disguised as a German, all through the war, in our own London War Office. But that you have heard, of course."

Herr Räumers laughed.

"It was very neatly done. Any other but the English would have foreseen a Russian war, and taken care that some of their officers learned Russian."

"At all events, we get on, somehow."

"Yes; because you have a good geographical position; because you have money; and because you have the most wonderful luck. Wait till Russia gets Stamboul."

"When will that be?"

"And commands the Valley of the Euphrates. It is very clever of you to make of Moldavia and Wallachia an independent State; but who is to guard it? Suppose a time were to come when Austria—she is always Austria the Unready—was fettered with diplomatic chains, when France either would not or could not interfere in the Eastern Question, what is to prevent Russia from marching across the frontier of your Roumania? Treaties? Why, the whole history of the world is the history of broken treaties. Sooner or later she will try for Asia, from the Levant to Peking. Of course that will include Afghanistan. Then she will try for India, and win it by force of numbers. Where will your greatness be then?"

"We have fought her before, and we will fight her again."

"Oh, yes; you can fight, you English. Perhaps you can fight better than any other people. That is to say, you can do with a hundred soldiers what Russia wants a hundred and twenty to accomplish. But you have only that hundred, and Russia has behind her hundred and twenty more. You are commercially great because London has taken the place which the Constantinople of the future will hold, the commercial centre of the world. You have a great fleet. You will lose your great empire because you will not have a great army. England will grow less formidable as armies grow greater. If you wish to preserve the power of England make every Englishman a soldier."

"That will never be," said Leonard.

"Then the days of England's supremacy are done."

He knocked out the ashes of his pipe, refilled it slowly, and lit up again.

"It is by her secret service which you despise that Russia defends herself, and steadily advances. She throws out her secret agents to watch, report, and, if necessary, make mischief. They are the irregular cavalry of politics. Sometimes they are called merchants or scientific explorers, sometimes they are disguised as missionaries, sometimes they are the ministers and rulers of the country corrupted by Russian gold or flattered with Russian skill. Russia makes no move till she has felt her way. Persia will be hers when the last relic of British influence has been brought out or wheeled out, and when Russian counsels have been able, unmolested, to bring the country into a fit condition for Russian occupation."

"I suppose that Russian influences are already at work in England itself?"

"Not yet," said Herr Räumers, laughing. "The conquest of England would cost too much. But Russian influences are already at work against British interests, wherever they can be met and injured. You have no enemy in the world except Russia. Not France, which changes her policy as she changes her Government, once in every generation. Not America, which is a peaceful country, and more afraid of war than England. The enemy of England, the persistent and ever watchful enemy of England, is Russia, because it is England alone, at present, that can keep Russia from Constantinople."

"Well; you have forewarned us, at all events."

"Forewarned is nothing. You may forewarn a consumptive man that he will suffer in the lungs. That will not prevent the disease. You will go on in England, as you always do, learning nothing, preparing for nothing, acting always as if you had to do with men who tell the truth. Could any country be more stupid?"

"Why," asked Leonard, "should not nations be as honest as men?"

"So they are," he replied, "only you Englishmen will persist in supposing that men are not liars. An English gentleman, I will admit, always speaks the truth. At least he has been taught to do so, and it comes natural to him. But a common Englishman does not. The man who sells things to you lies habitually, in order to make his profit—lies like a Syrian—goes to church on Sundays, and thinks he is a Christian. An American, I suppose, is pretty nearly the same thing as an Englishman, unless he happens to be an Irish Catholic. I believe that Dutchmen, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians—small nations without ambition—have a singular preference for the truth. But all other nations lie. I am a German, and I state that unblushingly. Those get on best who lie hardest."

"Suppose that one here and there were to speak the truth?"

"It would do him no good, because he would not be believed, unless he were an Englishman. Diplomacy is a game in which no one believes any one else. The truth lies behind the words—somewhere. It is our business—I mean the business of diplomatists—to find it out. First, you have the actual assurance of the Czar, we will say, conveyed by his ambassador. Of course no one, except, perhaps, an English newspaper, pretends for a moment to believe a pacific assurance. You receive it, and you try to find out what Russia is actually doing, which is a great deal more important. If you find that out, and are able to watch the movements of other Powers, you have a chance of understanding the truth."

"Everything stated openly is stated with intentions to deceive. This is the first rule in diplomacy. All friendly assurances must be received with suspicion. That is the second rule. The statement of disinterested action which is always made is, of course, received with derision. No nation is disinterested, except, sometimes, England. There has not been a disinterested

action done by any single nation since the world began, save only one or two done by England. I grant you that. Statesmanship means lying for the good of your country, and there is a regular method which is known and adopted everywhere. Except to the ignorant people, it means nothing, and imposes on no one."

"Why not start fair again all round, and speak the truth?"

"What? and spoil the game? Heaven forbid! We have our little fictions in society, why not in diplomacy also? I do not want, as I once told Ladislav Pulaski, to live in a world gone good. It would be tedious to me, that kind of world. And, at my age, I cannot unlearn things. Let us go on as we have always gone on—one nation trying to cheat every other—ambassadors lying—secret service reduced to one of the fine arts—and let us watch the splendid spectacle, unequalled in history, of a nation following a line of policy from generation to generation, beaten at one point and carrying it forward at another—always advancing, always aided everywhere by a swarm of secret agents."

Afterwards repeating the conversation to me, "The man," said Leonard, "is a Russian agent himself. I am certain of it. No German ever talked English so well; he has the best Russian manner: he is *rusé*, polished, and utterly, cynically frank, unscrupulous, like all the people connected with the Russian Government. He has an important mission here, no doubt, and must have picked up a good deal of information during all these years. I wonder what his name is, and what his real rank in the police."

"You are only guessing, Leonard."

"Perhaps, but I am sure, all the same. My dear boy, I know them. There were Russian papers on the table, too. I saw the *Golos*, of Moscow, among others. He is no more a German than you or I. 'Served in the Austrian Cavalry.' Fudge and flap-doodle! as Mrs. Pontifex says. Curious, to see the patronising way in which he talked. I am only a young officer of that stupid nation where diplomatists speak the truth. I should like to checkmate our friend on his own ground."

"But,—Celia?"

"Do you think I am going to let Celia be handed over to a Russian spy?" he asked, grandly. "A Russian officer would be a different thing. There are splendid fellows among them. But a spy? Pah! The thought makes me feel ill. Besides, Laddy," he laughed, "I don't think we will let Celia go out of England at all. She is too good for any but an Englishman."

CHAPTER XXXVI.
THE FOURTH ESTATE.

I was sitting in Leonard's quarters two days afterwards, idling the time with him, when I became aware of a familiar figure walking slowly across the barrack yard. It was that of Mr. Ferdinand Brambler. I had not seen any of the family for some time, having been entirely occupied with Celia, Leonard, and my Polish schemes. He bore himself with quite his old solemnity, but there was something in his manner which showed change and decay—a kind of mouldiness. As he drew nearer it became too evident that his outer garments were much the worse for wear, his boots down at heel, and his whole appearance pinched and hungry. Things must have been going badly with the children. My heart smote me for neglecting the Bramblers. Were all of them, including my poor little bright eyed Forty-four, in the same hungry and dilapidated condition?

He made straight for Leonard's quarters, and, coming in out of the broad sunlight, did not at first see me.

"Captain Copleston!" he asked timidly.

"I am Captain Copleston," said Leonard.

"What can I do for you?"

"Sir," said the great Ferdinand, drawing himself up, "I introduce myself as representing the Fourth Estate. I am the Printing Press."

"You don't look like one," replied Leonard, flippantly. "But go on."

"Don't you know me, Mr. Ferdinand?" I asked, jumping up and shaking hands with him. "Leonard, this is my old friend, Mr. Ferdinand Brambler, the brother of Augustus Brambler, whom you recollect, I am sure."

"Of course I do," said Leonard. "How do you do, Mr. Brambler? Your brother was a little man, with a comical face that looked as if he was too jolly for his work. I remember now. Is he in the Legal now, in the Clerical, or in the Scholastic? And will you take a glass of wine or a brandy and soda?"

"My brother Augustus devotes his whole energies now to the Legal," said Ferdinand, slowly. "I will take a brandy and soda, thank you. With a biscuit or a sandwich, if I may ask for one."

"Send for some sandwiches, Leonard," I said.

"And how are you all in Castle Street?"

"But poorly, Pulaski. Very poorly. The children are—not to disguise the truth—ahem—breaking out again, in a way dreadful to look at. Forty-six is nothing but an Object—an Object—from insufficiency of diet. Too much bread and too little meat. Ah! the good old days are gone when things were going on—things worthy of a historic pen—all round us, and money flowed in—literally flowed in, Captain Copleston. What with a prize ship here, an embarkation of troops there, the return of the wounded, an inspection of militia, and all the launches, I used to think nothing of writing up to a leg of mutton in three or four hours, turning off a pair of boots as if it was nothing, putting a great coat

into shape in a single evening, throwing in a gown for Mrs. Augustus and a frock for Forty-four, or going out in the morning, and polishing off a day's run into the country for the whole family out of a visit from the Commander-in-Chief. I used to laugh at that as only a good day's work. Happy time! You remember how fat and well-fed the children were once, Mr. Pulaski. But those days are gone. I despised then what I used to call the butter and eggs. Alas! the butter and eggs are nearly all we have to live upon now."

"You mean—"

"I mean, gentlemen, the short paragraphs poorly remunerated at one penny for each line of copy. One penny! And at least half of the sum goes in wear and tear of shoe leather worn out in picking up items about the town. I am a chiffonier, gentlemen, as we say in the French. I pick up rags and tatters of information as I peregrinate the streets. Nothing is too trifling for my degraded pen. I find myself even, in the children's interests, praying for a fire or murder or a neat case of robbery. Here, for instance, is a specimen of how low in the literary scale we can go."

He pulled a little bundle of papers out of his pocket.

"SINGULAR ACCIDENT"

"As our esteemed townsman, Alderman Cherryrross, was walking along the pavement of High Street on the morning of Monday last, he stepped upon a piece of orange peel, and falling heavily, dislocated his arm. The unfortunate gentleman, who has been removed to the hospital, is doing well."

"Mr. Pulaski," he asked in withering sarcasm, "that is a pleasant thing to come to after all my grandeur, is it not? Think of it, you who actually remember my papers on the arrival and departure of troops. But it is sixpence," he added with a sigh. "Here is another of the same sort. I call it," he added in a sepulchral voice,

"A LIKELY STORY."

"On Thursday, before His Worship the Mayor, a young man of dissipated appearance, who gave the name of Moses Copleston—"

"What?" cried Leonard. "Moses Copleston?"

"Yes, sir, your own name was that given by that individual."

"Go on," said Leonard, looking at me.

"And said he was the son of a general in the army, was charged with being drunk and disorderly in the streets. The police knew him well, and various committals made in another name were reported of him. He was fined 40s. and costs, or a fortnight. The money was instantly paid, and the prisoner left the court laughing, and saying there was plenty more to be got where that came from."

"The mayor recalled him—"

"Will you give me that paragraph?" Leonard interrupted, and with an excited air. "Will you allow me to keep that out of the paper? I have a reason—it is my own name, you see."

"Certainly, sir," said Ferdinand. "I have no wish to put it into the paper, except that it is fourteenpence. And that goes some way towards the children's dinner, poor things."

"I will give you more than fourteen-pence for it, my good friend," said Leonard. "Where is this prisoner—this Moses—do you know?"

Of course I perceived the suspicion that had entered his mind. He was jumping at conclusions, as usual, but it was hard not to believe that he was right. I began to think what we knew of our old enemy Moses, and could remember nothing except what Jem Hex—Boatwain Hex—told me—that he was not a credit to his education. This was but a small clue. But some shots in the dark go straight to the bull's-eye. Leonard's eye met mine, and there was certainty in it.

I saw he wanted to talk about it, and so I got rid of Ferdinand by proposing to bring Leonard to his house in the evening, when he should pump him, and extract materials for a dozen papers.

"It is very kind of you, sir," he said. "You will enable me to confer on the children next week—ahem—a sense of repletion that they have not experienced for many months."

"I will tell you anything you want," said Leonard. "But you must ask me, because I cannot know, beforehand, what you would most like to have."

"Sir," said Ferdinand fervently, "I will pump you to good purpose if you will allow me. Your own exploits, ahem—"

"No—no," said Leonard, laughing. "I must make conditions. You must keep my name out of your story."

Ferdinand's countenance fell.

"If you insist upon it—of course. But personalities are the soul of successful journalism—it will be seen that Ferdinand Brambler was in advance of his age—and if I could be permitted to describe these modest quarters in detail—camp bed, two chairs, absence of ornament—ah—'The Hero's Retreat'; your personal appearance, tall, with curling brown hair, square shoulders, manly and assured carriage, eagle eye—ah!—'The Hero at Home'; your conversation, 'with difficulty can he be induced to speak of those hairbreadth escapes, those feats of more than British pluck, those audacious sorties—'The Hero in Modesty'; your dress when not on duty, a plain suit of tweed, without personal decoration of any kind, simple, severe, and in good taste—'The Hero in Mufti'; and your early life, a native of this town, educat-

ed partly by Mr. Hezekiah Ryler, B. A., at the time when Mr. Augustus Brambler formed part of his competent and efficient staff, and partly by the learned Perpetual Curate of St. Faith's—'The Hero's Education'; your entrance into the army, 'The Hero takes his first step'—"

"Stop—stop—for Heaven's sake," cried the Hero. "Do you believe I am going to consent to that kind of thing?"

Ferdinand collapsed.

"If you really will not allow it," he said, "there is nothing more to be done. Just as I was warming into the subject, too. Well, Captain Copleston, if you will not let me describe your own exploits by name, I shall be grateful for any particulars you may be kind enough to give me."

"Yes—on those conditions, that my name is kept out—I shall be glad to help you."

"Sir," said Ferdinand, "you are very good. I will pump you like—like—an orange blower. I will play on you like—like a Handel. At what time, sir, will you honour our humble abode?"

"We will be with you about eight," I said.

"And—and—Mr. Ferdinand, will you give my compliments to Mrs. Augustus, and my love to Forty-four, and say that we hope to have the pleasure of supper with them. Early supper, so as to suit Forty-six and the rest."

Ferdinand sighed, and then smiled, and then with a deep bow to the Hero, retired.

"What about Moses?" cried Leonard.

"How do you know it is the real Moses?"

"There can be but one Moses," said Leonard;

"and how should any other get hold of my name? Do you think he is in the town, now?"

I began to make enquiries that very afternoon bethinking me that Mrs. Hex, Jem the Bo's'n's wife, might know something about it. Jem had been married some time now, and was the father of a young family, who lived in one of the streets near Victoria Row in a highly respectable manner. Mrs. Hex had been a young lady connected on both sides with the service, so that it was quite natural that she should marry a sailor, and it was an advantageous match on both sides. She remembered Moses perfectly well; he was always going and coming, she said; would be seen about for a day or two, and then would disappear for a long time; he had been in prison once for something or other; then he disappeared for some years; then he came back in rags; and then—just a short time ago—he suddenly blossomed out into new and magnificent toggery, with a gold watch-chain and a real watch, with rings on his fingers, and money in his pocket. And he got drunk every night. Also, he called himself Copleston, which Mrs. Hex thought should not be allowed. Most likely we might find him at the Blue Anchor in the evening, where there was a nightly free-and-easy for soldiers and sailors, at which he often appeared, standing drinks all round in a free and affable manner.

"Quite the Moses we used to love," said Leonard in a great rage. "We will go to the Blue Anchor and wring the truth out of him."

For that day we had, however, our engagement at the Bramblers', which we duly kept, and were ushered into the front room, Ferdinand's "study." He was sitting at the table in expectation of us, with paper and pencil before him. He was hungering and thirsting for information. Beside him stood Augustus, as cheerful and smiling as though the children were not breaking out. Except that he was shabbier than usual, there was no mark of poverty or failure upon him.

"This, Captain Coplestone," he said, "is a real honour. I take it as a recognition of my brother Ferdinand's genius. My brother Ferdinand, sir, is a Gem."

"Brother Augustus," murmured the author bashfully, "nay—nay."

"A Gem—I repeat it—a Gem. And of the first water. What says the poet!—"

Full many a time, this Gem of ray serene,
Outside the Journal Office may be seen.

He will do you justice, sir. Mr. Pulaski," he sank his voice to a whisper, "shall we leave these two alone? Shall we retire to the domestic circle not to disturb History and Heroism? At what time shall we name supper, Captain Copleston? Pray, fix your own time. Think of your convenience first. We are nothing—nothing."

"I never take supper, thank you," said Leonard, who was beginning to be a little bored with the whole business.

"Don't speak of supper, to me," said Ferdinand. "This is my supper," he patted the paper affectionately. "This is my evening beer." He pointed to the inkstand. "This is my pillow," indicating the blotting pad. "And for me there will be no night's rest. Now, sir, if you will sit there—so—with the light upon your face—we can converse. Affluence is about to return, brother Augustus."

Augustus and I stole out of the room on tiptoe. In the back room the table was laid, and the children were crowded in the window, looking at the cloth with longing eyes. Poor little children! They were grown pale and thin during these hard times, and their clothes were desperately shabby. Forty-four, a tall girl now of fourteen, angular and bony, as is common at that age, preserved some show of cheerfulness, as became the eldest of the family. It was hers to set an example. But the rest were very sad in countenance, save for a sort of hungry joy raised by the prospect of supper.

"Always something kind of the Captain," murmured the poor wife.

"It was lucky," I said, "that we had that cold round of beef in the larder. Cannot we have supper immediately? I am sure the children would like it."

The poor children gave a cry, and Forty-six burst into loud weeping.

"Things have not gone very well, latterly," said Augustus, looking uncomfortable. "Sometimes I even think that we don't get enough meat. We had some on Sunday, I remember—and this was Friday—because Ferdinand said it was the first real meal he had enjoyed for a week. That was while we were sitting over our wine after dinner."

Nothing, not even actual starvation, would have prevented the two brothers from enjoying their Sunday pretence of sitting, one each side a little table, at the front window, with a decanter and two glasses before them. I do not know what the decanter contained. Perhaps what had once been Marsala. Ferdinand cherished the custom as a mark of true gentility, and was exceeding angry if the children came in and interrupted. He said grandly that a gentleman "ought not to be disturbed over his wine." I think Augustus cared less about the ceremony.

Meantime the mother, assisted by Forty-four and Forty-five, brought in the supper—cold beef and hot potatoes—with real beer—no toast and water.

I pass over the details of the meal. Even Augustus was too hungry to talk, and Forty-six surpassed himself. I sat next to Forty-four, who squeezed my hand furtively, to show that she was grateful to the Captain. She was always a tender-hearted little thing, and devoted to her brothers and sisters. The pangs of hunger appeared, we talked.

"You have now an opportunity," said Augustus, leaning back in his chair after the fatigues of eating; "you have now an opportunity of boasting, my children, that a Crimean hero has actually come to this house in order to tell the history of the war to your uncle Ferdinand, the well-known writer."

The boys and girl murmured. This was, indeed, grandeur.

"We will drink," said Augustus, filling his glass, and handing me the jug. "We will drink a toast. I give you, children, coupled, the names of Captain Coplestone, the Hero, and Ferdinand Brambler (your uncle, my dears), the historian. It is my firm belief that this night has commenced what I may in military language call an Alliance, or—speaking as a lawyer, one may say that this night has witnessed the tacit execution of a Deed of Partnership—a Deed of Partnership—he relished his words so much that he was fain to repeat them—"between the Hero and the Historian, which will result in their being known together, and indissolubly connected by the generations, yet to come, of posterity. For myself, I have, as you know, little other ambition than to be remembered, if remembered I am at all, as Augustus Brambler (your father, my dears), formerly an ornament to the Legal."

We drank the toast with enthusiasm. There were nowhere to be found children more ready to drink or eat toasts than the Bramblers.

"By our own family connections, Mr. Pulaski," Augustus continued, "we have more sympathy with the Navy than with the Army. Mrs. Brambler—your mother, my dears—is highly connected as regards that service; and it is, I confess, my favourite. Sometimes I think of putting Forty-six into it, though if they were wrecked on a desert island, and provisions ran short, he would come off badly. Forty-eight, of course, is out of the question where discipline and obedience are concerned. It would, however, have been just the service for poor little Fifty-one, my dears, had that interesting child been born."

He looked critically at Forty-six, sadly at Forty-eight, and shook his head. All hung their heads sorrowfully, as was customary at mention of the Great and Gifted Fifty-one—unborn.

"Two members of my wife's family—she was a Tellerwinch—were members of that gallant service, Mr. Pulaski. One of them, her uncle, held the rank of Master's Mate, and if he had not had the misfortune to knock down his superior officer on the quarter deck, would now, one may be justified in supposing, have been Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Tellerwinch, K.C.B.—of the White. I drink to the health and memory—in solemn silence—of the late Admiral."

Such was Augustus's enthusiasm, that we all believed at the moment the deceased officer to have died in that rank.

"The Admiral," Augustus sighed. "You must not be proud, my dears, of these accidents—mere accidents—of distinguished family connections. Your mother's first cousin, James Elderberry, entered the service also. He was a purser's clerk. I think I am right, my dear, in stating to Mr. Pulaski that James was a most gallant and deserving officer."

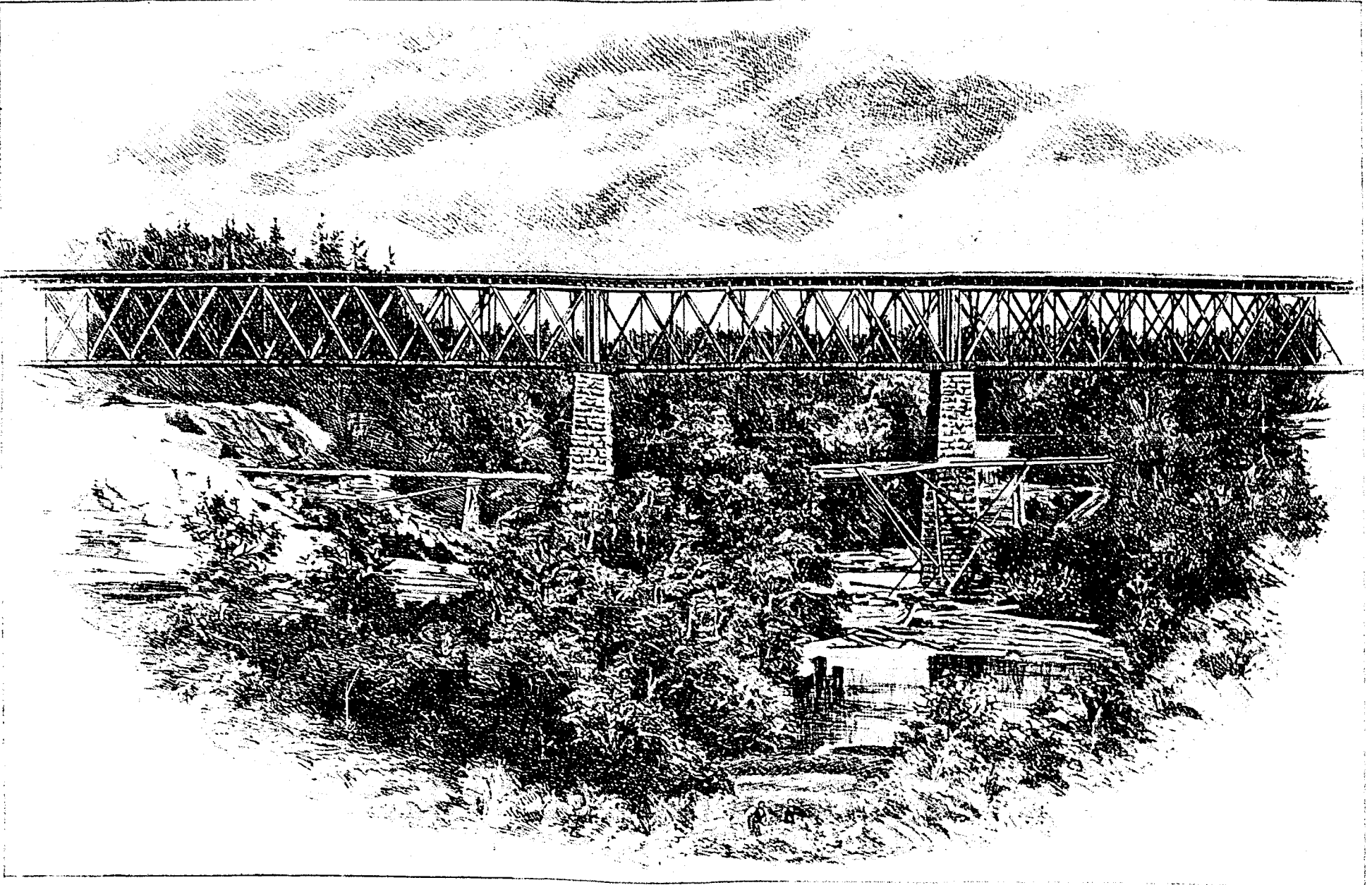
(To be continued.)

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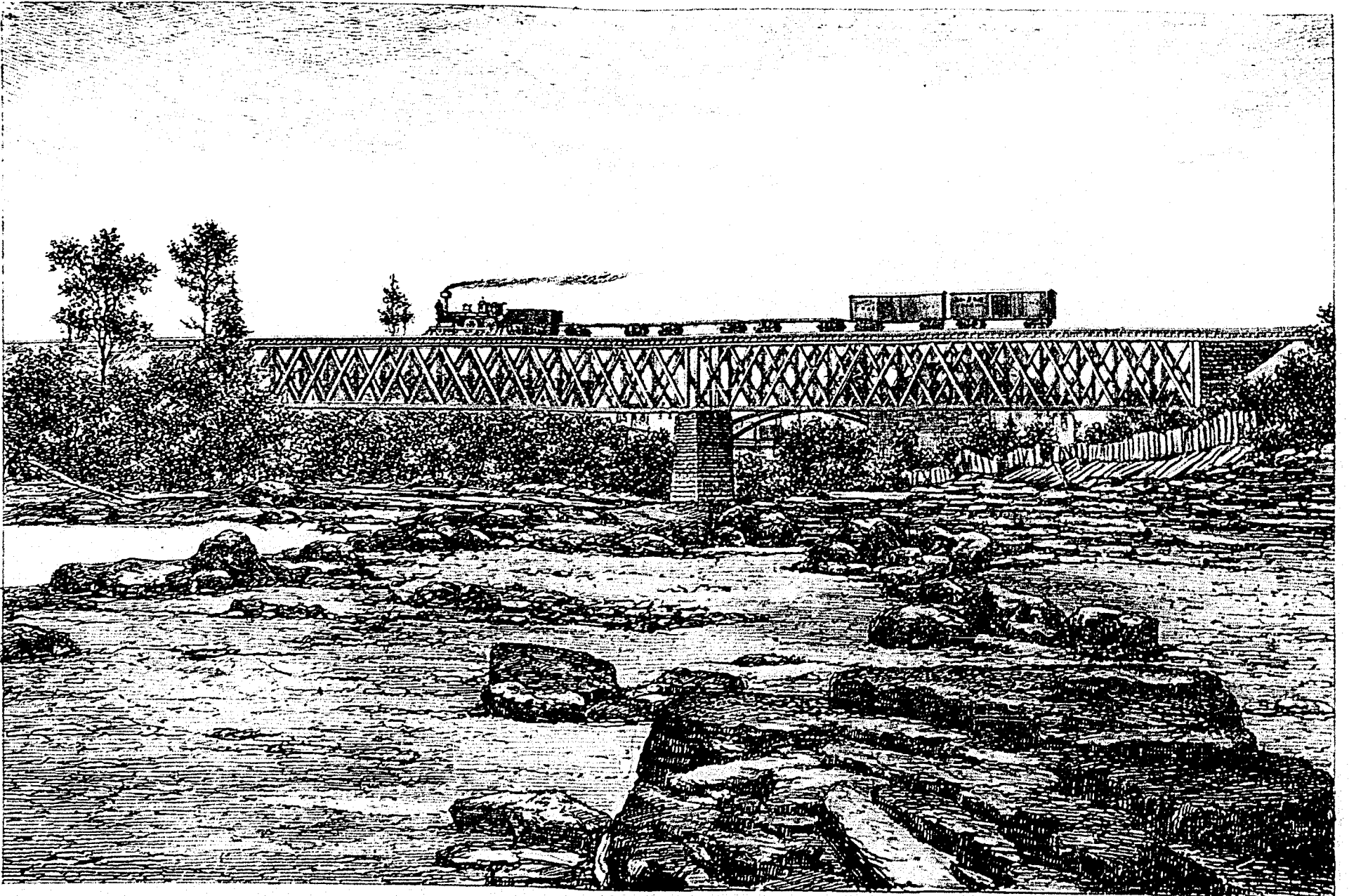
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PORTNEUF BRIDGE



PONT ROUGE BRIDGE OVER JACQUES-CARTIER RIVER.

Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLISSON & Co., QUEBEC.



NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

THE UNKNOWN.

He stood, the centre of a motley throng
Of voyagers, new-landed on the shore;
The dark-skinned children of a softer clime,
Where bounding pulses, and hot, jealous blood,
Bespeak the ardor of a glowing sun.
Stern, low-browed men were there, of sullen mien;
Their kerchiefed wives, some hushing wailing babes;
And beldames, who had trod the bridge of life
Near to the confines of its furthest span;
While all of life remaining in the frame
Of worn-out womanhood, forsook the cheek,
The shrunken lip, the withered palated arm,
And gathering all its concentrated force,
Seemed shining forth, from out the beady eyes.
And maids were there whose rich blood mantled 'neath
The softer outlines of a youthful cheek;
Whose eyes looked childish with their wond'ring gaze;
Whose skin outvied the velvet of the peach;
Who seemed as though their young feet, trembling,
Paused

Upon the threshold of this newer life.
Yet poverty, and want's malignant power,
Had lent precocious cunning of their own
To their young minds, and so well versed, they stood,
In many arts, and wiles, which passing years,
And close experience, often fail to give.
And he, the boy I saw, was standing with
This mingled crowd, was with them, I repeat,
Yet surely not of them—a barrier wide,
And permanent, at least, it seemed to me,
Divided him from coarser clay apart.
I stood, and gazed entranced, for ne'er before,
I saw in some vision of the fancy bred,
Had I beheld such form, such face, such soul,
Which last revealed its presence by the glow
It lent the depths of those resplendent eyes,
And thus proclaimed its proud nobility.
So move I fancied in my willing mind,
For surely Nature, when with gracious hand,
In generous mood she formed this perfect son,
Perfect in outer attributes of grace,
Had never sent him forth without a mind,
And soul, with all this worth commensurate.
As well some marvel of skilled workmanship,
Some casket richly fraught with precious ore,
A cunning artificer's toil for years,
Be made the keeper of a worthless toy;
The shrine of some dull tarnished lump of brass,
Instead of costly, pure and flashing gems
Reposing on a fitting bed of gold.

But this fair boy, how came he 'mid that throng
Of peasants, from that far Italian shore?
Or, as indeed my fertile fancy prompts,
Does he in worldly rank, as in all else
That meets the eye, transcend his present mates;
Does some fair, high-born mother, wildly weep
In hopeless anguish for her stolen child?
Such things have been, for vengeance hath its claims,
And eager votaries in that southern clime;
And is this exiled boy to expiate
Mid strife, and pover y, a parent's crime?
Or do they think to reap a harvest full,
And golden, on the profit of his charms?
And is their only object one of gain?
It may be so indeed, for of a truth,
An object dear enough, 'twould seem to be,
By gazing in their wild and hungry eyes.
But after all, such reasoning may prove false.
He is, perhaps, some simple peasant lad,
And of a kith and kin with many here,
Although by nature fitted for their king.

The while I studied thus, the boy looked up
And met my questioning gaze; upon his brow
No conscious flush appeared, for innocence
Her pale, pure banner, o'er that brow unfurled,
That like to fair, white marble, polished stone;
Nor came the hot blood leaping to that cheek
That boasted but the ruddy glow of health,
And deeper tinged, just where the southern sun
Had left the seal of an abiding kiss.
Like that which tints the petals of the rose,
Or reveals on the downy peaches cheek,
Or lends its glory to the purple grape.
His eye met mine, a mournful, questioning look,
Or did I dream? he seemed to throw on me
A melting, tender, and self-pitying look,
As though he guessed my interest in his fate,
And vainly craved compassion for his woe;
'Twas such a look the Peri might have cast
Upon the angel, who, with lingering hand
Against her closed the gates of Paradise.
But then, perchance, I yet was self-deceived,
It might have been an old, and worn deceit,
Some trick, oft practiced thus for sake of gain.
Oh! stranger youth, I may not know thy name,
Thy rank, thy past career, or future fate,
Enough, that thou hast charmed a friendly eye,
Enough, that thou hast filled a thoughtful mind.
Fair child of Nature! take a last adieu,
As slowly melting from my puzzled sight,
Amid thy crowd of fellow voyagers,
Thou passest on thy new and toilsome road.
As like a dream, he chained my spirit first,
So, dreamlike, doth his presence fade away.

MARY J. WELLS.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENT," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

"Well, why do you then?" said Wych Hazel.
"I don't. I think it's no use. People see through pretences. I only pretend enough just to keep up appearances. Didn't I always tell you exactly what I thought? I don't tell everybody."
"Do you suppose I believe that you came here for the express purpose of being snowed up,—outside of theatres and Germans, and other necessities of life?"
"That is just what I want," said Josephine. "I wish it would snow—five feet deep. I would like nothing better than to be snowed up. I would like to be desiccated—like a man I was reading of yesterday; he's in a French novel. Do you know, he was desiccated; he was a convict, you see, and the men of science could try their experiments upon him; and they desiccated him and laid him by; and he was forgotten, and years passed, and everything changed in the world, and his children grew up, and his friends died—if he had any friends; and people forgot what this preparation was; and

hey cut off a bit of his ear to try under the microscope whether it was an animal's skin or what it was. And afterwards the skin was put in water and he came to life again—that was all he wanted, you know, like a rose of Jericho. I wish I could be desiccated and kept awhile, till everybody was dead that I know, and then come to life again."

"What would be the pleasure of that?" said Hazel, watching her.

"I should never see Charteris any more. I suppose I shock you—but what's the use of pretending? He's away in Albany now; and as soon as he went, I ran. You see, it isn't at all a bad sort of a place here. Little rooms, to be sure, but there's nobody in them but me; and Rhodes is a capital cook, and she pets me, and I like to be petted. And I have my own way here, and down in Fortieth street I can't. With all the world outside the house, and a husband inside, there is no place to breathe. I enjoy it here ever so much, and I don't want to go back, ever! Don't you want to run away, too, by this time?"

"Then it is a real scheme, deep-laid and serious," said Wych Hazel. "Not the whim Mr. Nightingale calls it?"

"Mr. Nightingale!" said Josephine, her face changing and darkening. "What does he say of me? Has he spoken to you about me? He doesn't know anything."

"About anything.—No. And never by any chance speaks the truth about the few things he does know. He said that Mr. Charteris had gone to Albany, and that Mrs. Charteris had the pretty whim to follow him. 'Touching,' I think he called it." The disdain in the girl's voice was incomparable.

"That will do," said Josephine. "It's nobody's business whether I am in Albany or not. Never mind him; talk to me. Why haven't I seen you anywhere all winter? Does Dane Rollo want you to stay at home, now he is married! like Charteris?"

"I am married too," said Wych Hazel with a flash of her one self. "So take care what you say about him. Josephine, did you tell that man you were going to Albany?"

"Nonsense!" said Josephine laughing. "I believe you are afraid to answer. I know you used to like to have your own way. Did I tell Stuart? No. What should I tell him for? I didn't tell him I was going to Albany, because I wasn't. I was coming here; and that wasn't telling a fib about. I came here to do what I like; and I just do it from morning to night. I suppose you are learning to do what you don't like. How does it feel?"

"I did not believe one word he said, all the time!" said Hazel, coolly ignoring the insinuations. "Why should Stuart Nightingale invent falsehoods to cover the movements of Josephine Charteris?"

"Just as well as for anything else," said Josephine laughing. "I'm much obliged to him for the attention, I'm sure. But you don't answer, Hazel. I want to know how you and Dane get on together, after all your fine theories? Dane Rollo was as lordly a man as ever I saw, with all his easy ways; and you were never one to give up your liberty. I suppose you won't confess. Now I am more honest."

Wych Hazel answered with a laugh,—fresh and glad some and sweet,—more convincing than a hundred words. But she was grave again instantly. She left her chair and bringing a cushion to Josephine's feet sat down there, leaned her arms on her friend's lap and looked straight up into her face.

"Josephine," she said, "I am very, very much troubled about you."

Josephine did not answer this. She looked at Hazel, and then her look wandered to something else; undeclarative, withdrawn into herself.

"Josephine, you cannot have what does not belong to you, any more in men than in money. And if you try to give away what belongs to somebody else, nobody but a wretch will take it."

"You are not going to give me a moral lecture, because I came to Mrs. Rhodes on a spree?" said Josephine, with a superficial kind of little laugh. "Isn't my time my own while Mr. Charteris is away?"

"No, it is not. Not to spend in a way that wrongs him. And you are not your own, wherever he is."

"You think I am a man's property just because I am married to him! I don't. I think the man and the woman are equal, and both of them are free. It is only among the savages that women are slaves."

Hazel let that pass. Keeping her folded hands on Josephine's lap, she looked down, thinking.

"What sort of a life have you led with Mr. Charteris so far?" she said, not raising her eyes.

"Can you picture it for me?"

"Picture it!"—Josephine put up her lip, and then she laughed with seeming amusement. "Did you ever see two chickens pulling at the two ends of a worm? That's about it. John pulled one way, and I pulled the other. Pleasant picture, isn't it? But that sort of thing can't last forever."

"No," said Wych Hazel looking suddenly up,—but this does. A life ignored by all respectable people; a name spurned with the foot and scorned on the tongue. A dark spot, which only forgetfulness can hide,—and which nobody ever forgets! That other sort of thing does end, Josephine, with death, or with patient endeavour; but this thing, never!"

"You talk,"—said Josephine pouting. Then

she suddenly broke out, with her eyes full upon Hazel's face. "Don't you think, if you had never been happy in your life, you would like to try just for a little how it feels?"

"Yes," said Wych Hazel, "but you are going to try misery;—and not for a little."

"I am not trying misery here," said the girl with a shrug of her shoulders. "I tell you, it's jolly. How did you know where to find me?"

"There is a fair view, quite often, from the place where one step towards it plunges you down thousands of feet. When you are left alone in Lisbon—and dare not come home to America—then you will learn what misery is."

Josephine started a little, and for once her colour stirred. Words did not come readily. When they came, they were a somewhat haughty enquiry what Hazel meant?"

"Just what I say," Hazel answered quietly.

"Did you come here to say it?"

"Yes."

"That's Annabella. Well,—I don't care. You know about it. You know I can't live with Charteris."

"Josephine, you must."

"I cannot. You can't tell how it is. He don't care for me, and I don't like him; and I don't think, for my part, it is religious for people to live together that don't like each other."

"This is a tragedy, not a farce," Hazel said, knitting her brows. "Leave fashions of speech on one side. John Charteris, with all his faults, would never grow tired of you, Josephine—if you give him half a chance to help it; but Stuart Nightingale will."

"I am jolly tired of him," cried Josephine with a burst. "Charteris and I can't live happy together. I know better. And it will be worse now he has lost his money. I would rather die, Hazel. And I tell you, he is tired of me—and I should think he would. If you knew the life I've led him, you would think so too. You needn't talk to me. I would rather die right off, than go on living with him; and it would kill me anyhow, and I'm not going to die that way."

"There is honour in dying at one's post," said Wych Hazel thoughtfully,—"even if it came to that. But to sail away on a pleasure trip, with all one's dearest friends praying that the ship may go down in mid-sea!"

Josephine sat still, looking with cold impassiveness into the fire; then she remarked in the same way,

"My dearest friends don't do much praying. I guess they won't drown me."

"You may kill them," said Hazel. "Imagine people watching Annabella and saying 'Poor thing!—What has become of the other sister?'—O you mustn't ask about her. You know—and then heads will draw together. And your mother will see the shrugs and catch the hints."

"What makes you care?" said Josephine, without moving a muscle. "I believe you must have liked him a little yourself."

"I liked him such a very little," said Wych Hazel, "that a year ago I cut his heart into bits. He has patched them together again,—but the stitches shew."

"Stuart was poor," said Josephine. "I knew it all the time."

Wych Hazel's brows drew together, but the words got no further notice.

"Josephine, you married for diamonds. I will give you diamonds every week for a year, if you will go back to your place and stay there."

"I don't care for diamonds," said Josephine very coldly.

"What do you care for?"—the grave eyes looked up eagerly.

"Not much," said Josephine drearily, and the words were inexpressibly sad from such young lips. "But I am not going to live in that prison in Fortieth street, and with that jailer Charteris any more!"

"Josephine, you could change all that. There is no prison—and no jailer—for any woman of whom it is true: 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.'"

"It wouldn't be safe for Charteris to trust me," said Josephine, with a hard, metallic laugh. "I never was to be trusted. I know what you have come for, Hazel, and I know who has brought you; it's Annabella; but it's no use. You may give up the job. I know all you want to say, and I'm not going to have you say it; and you have said it, besides. Look here. A marriage isn't a real marriage when people don't care for each other. Do you think a woman is bound by a few words said over her by a man in a black silk gown? by an incantation, like the savages? It would make me downright wicked to go on living with John Charteris; you ought to want to save me from that. I am always a great deal better—more religious—when I am happy, than when I am miserable. It always rouses up all there is bad in me, to try to make me do something I don't want to do. I can't imagine how you get along with Dane Rollo; but that is your affair; this is mine. Where is Annabella?"

Before Hazel could stop her, she had flown across the hall to the room on the other side, whence she fetched back her sister. The conversation was not renewed. In ignorance of what fruit the interview might have borne, or what its results might be, Annabella dared not touch the matter; and Josephine gave her no chance. She kept up a rattling fire of nonsense, until the two ladies were forced to leave her.

The day was darkening fast now towards the early evening. Fine snow was falling thick, and the wind came in gusts. There was no time to be lost in getting home. Yet Annabella

paused at the very coach door and looked at Hazel. "Have you done anything?" she asked anxiously.

At the instant a gentleman ran against them with an umbrella, and lifting the same suddenly to make his excuses, a very familiar figure was revealed to them. Stuart Nightingale himself. A flash of disagreeable expression crossed his face for that one second of surprise, then he had regained his usual manner.

"Quel plaisir!" he cried, bowing low. "Two such ladies, in the snow, here! at Fort Washington! The charms of the surprise are manifold. What has procured it? mercy, or vanity? One or the other it must be. A sick friend?—or a French mantua-maker? But you are never going to drive back to New York in this awful storm?"

Annabella drew herself up and made no answer. Wych Hazel looked at the snow.

"Good evening," she said. "The storm is not much."

They were to have more of it, however, than she had bargained for. Stuart's remonstrance were not listened to; the ladies entered their carriage and drove off. But their driver, who was not Mrs. Powder's servant, had improved his leisure time during their stay in the house by making visits to a neighbouring drinking saloon; and now, confused by the mingled effects of wind and brandy, took the road north instead of south from the village. To spare her sister, and indeed herself, Annabella had taken a hackney coach, and this was what came of it. The ladies were thinking of something else and did not see what their charioteer was doing. Annabella broke at last a silence which had prevailed for some time.

"What did she say?"

"Said she didn't care."

"She would not listen to you!"

"Not this time."

"Then there is no chance," cried Annabella in despair. "They will make all their arrangements now. Stuart is going to sail the week after next, I know."

"I wish I could get speech of him!" said Wych Hazel, knitting her brows in the darkness.

This too was to fall to her lot in an unexpected manner and measure. It might have been three-quarters of an hour, or more, from the time of their meeting that gentleman in front of Mrs. Rhodes's cottage, when Stuart happened to be in the street again and crossing the main road at the corner where the carriage had turned the wrong way. The storm had now grown to be furious; wind and snow driving so across the street that to hold his umbrella was no longer possible. As with difficulty he closed it, a carriage stopped immediately before him, the door opened, and two ladies sprang out into storm. He had nearly run against them, before he saw that they were the same ladies. And they saw him.

"O Mr. Nightingale!" cried the foremost, forgetting everything in her distress,— "do help us. We've got a drunken coachman."

"Miss Powder!—But how are you here yet?"

"O he took us ever so far on the way to Albany before we found it out. He's quite stupid. What shall we do?"

A few steps in the snow, taken with extreme difficulty, brought them to the shelter of a village hotel. Here the matter was debated. Stuart advised their spending the night quietly where they were. But Annabella would not listen to this. "Her mother," "her mother"—she urged; "her mother would be frightened to death." Write, Stuart suggested. Miss Powder did not believe any messenger would go. Stuart offered to be the messenger himself. Annabella refused, obstinately. I think she did not put enough faith in him even for that. She would have a carriage and proceed on her journey forthwith. Annabella shewed herself determined, and Hazel did not oppose her decisions, nor have much to say in the matter generally.

So a carriage was got ready; it was necessary to offer a huge fee to tempt any man out that night, but however that was arranged; and in half an hour the ladies were able to set forth again on their interrupted journey. But one circumstance neither of them had counted upon. Mr. Nightingale, after putting them into the carriage and giving directions to the driver, coolly stepped in himself and took the opposite seat.

"Mr. Nightingale?" said Miss Powder—"you are not going?"

"Certainly I am. You two ladies cannot be allowed to take such a journey alone. I should expect Gov. Powder never to speak to me again, and coffee and pistols with Rollo would be too good for me. To say nothing of the punishment of my own conscience."

The drive from that point was extremely silent, and never to be forgotten by at least two of the party. The violence of the storm was quite enough to justify the third in intruding himself upon their company, though I am afraid nobody thanked him for it. Wind and snow and darkness made any progress difficult, and any but very slow progress out of the question. The horses crept along the road, which they were not unfrequently left to find by themselves; the snow whirled and beat now against one window and now upon the other with a fury and a rush which were somewhat appalling. Still the horses struggled on, though all the light there was abroad came from the glimmer of the snow itself, unless when a gleam shot out into the night from the window of some home. They did keep on their way, but it was

doubtful at times if they could. Within the carriage conversation was limited to remarks about the weather and the cold, and did not flourish at that, though the cold did. To keep warm became impossible.

It was a great relief at last to feel pavement under the wheels, which they could do in the broad places where winds had swept the street bare; and gaslights looked very kindly, flaring along the line of way. They could see the storm then! How it raged and drove through the streets, driving everybody to the shelter of a house that had a house to go to; and those who had none were slunk away into other hiding places. The wind and the snow had cleared the deserted streets; an occasional carriage was rarely met.

"Set me down first, please," said Annabella, pressing Wych Hazel's hand to mark her meaning. "My mother must be in distress—and it is just as near going that way."

Stuart laughed a little, but he did not speak his thoughts which went to the possible anxiety of some other people. With some difficulty he hailed the coachman and gave the order, and presently Miss Powder was deposited at her own door. Stuart gave the next order and jumped in again.

Now what should Wych Hazel do? During that minute, while she watched the two figures standing in the driving storm before Mrs. Powder's door, she had taken a comprehensive view of the situation, and made up her mind.

"Sit there, please," she said, motioning the incomer to his former place on the front seat. "I want to talk business." Since leaving Fort Washington she had hardly opened her lips; but now the well-remembered voice came out clear and sweet and with a ring of grave dignity.

"Am I to suppose that you do not think me worthy to talk business alongside of you?" said Stuart lightly, and obeying.

Wych Hazel left this question to answer itself. She was silent a minute, her hands holding each other fast.

"Mr. Nightingale," she said, "you once asked me if I liked to hear the truth told about myself. Do you?"

"From you?—anything," he answered elegantly. "Your voice never speaks harsh judgments—though I am afraid the truth about myself would be less than flattering. What is it, Mrs. Rollo? I am curious. It is said, no man knows himself."

"I have been told," said Wych Hazel—and she hesitated, and then went on again with quick utterance,—how intensely disagreeable it all was to her!—"I have been told this afternoon, that a year ago you wanted my fortune. Stop!—I do not care two straws whether you did or not!—But I wished to say, that upon certain conditions you can have part of it now. Think before you refuse, Mr. Nightingale. No one will ever offer you so much again—in exchange for so little."

A pause.

"I am at a loss," he began in a changed voice, "how any one can have induced you to believe"—And there he stopped. But Wych Hazel gave him no help. She sat looking out into the night, the gaslights flaring in from time to time upon her face. Had she grown fairer than ever?

"Everything is said about everybody," he said haughtily after a little. "I do not know why I should fare better than others. The truth about anybody is never public report. It is assumed in the case of every woman who has a fortune, that the man who seeks her, wants it. The gentleman who has had the honour of Miss Kennedy's choice has certainly not escaped the imputation, however he may deserve it no more than I."

"That is not business," she said in quiet tones. "If you please, we will discuss nothing else."

"I am not so happy as to know of any business between us," he said in the same haughty manner,—"great as the honour and pleasure would be."

"It will save time," said Wych Hazel, "to waste none in preliminaries. I want to buy up your present bad undertaking—and the price is for you to name."—And she looked out again into the white darkness, and wondered if this was to be her first night adventure wherein Mr. Rollo did not appear to take her home.

"Pardon me, I am very much at a loss to know what you mean. Only, through the confusion, I seem to perceive that Mrs. Rollo has lost the kind opinion which Miss Kennedy used to have of me."

He heard a soft exclamation of impatience—extremely like "Miss Kennedy!"—Then came deliberate words again.

"Mrs. Charteris," she said, "has no money of her own. I offer you what you will to let her alone. To break with her utterly. Do you understand? I believe if you pledge me your word to that, you would keep it."

"Thank you!" he said in the same tone. "May I venture to ask, how you can possibly suppose that I have anything to 'break' with any other woman, after you have broken with me?"

The words were beneath notice. Wych Hazel went on as if she had not heard them.

"And if you will come to a decision soon,—now, while I am here,—I shall be very glad."

"Mrs. Rollo supposes that everything can be done with money!" Stuart said scornfully. "It is a not unnatural delusion with those who have an unusual supply."

"No," said Wych Hazel in the same calm way. "I do not suppose that. I know better."

But with nothing in the other scale, money and honour have their weight."

"Mrs. Rollo has probably for the moment forgotten that she is not still Miss Kennedy. She will forgive me the remark."

"I have not forgotten that either. If I had, I should not be here talking to Mr. Nightingale."

"Why not?" said he quickly.

"The fact is enough. I am dealing only with facts to-night. Business facts." And Wych Hazel leaned back and was silent; listening to the dull roll of the wheels, and the sharper swirl of snow and hail against the windows. A few minutes of silence allowed these to be heard. Then the carriage stopped.

"You know," said Wych Hazel suddenly, "there are two names at stake. What do you decide, Mr. Nightingale?"

The carriage door opened; he had no time to reply.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SUPPER.

It was not exactly a cheery evening in Hazel's deserted rooms. Rollo had the entertainment of Prim and Mrs. Coles upon his hands, and was besides all the time busied in baffling her efforts to find out whether he was anxious, whether he knew where Wych Hazel had gone, whether he was aware what kept her, and whether he did not think something ought to be done. This sort of exercise grows wearisome in time; and Rollo finally gave it up and fled. He put on coat and hat and repaired to the great entrance of the hotel, which seemed to him just then if not a point of rest, yet to be nearest to that point. Here he had a view of the storm, which he studied at leisure in the intervals of watching everything on wheels that went by. He knew who it was, when Hazel's carriage drew up at last, and was by the side of it before it had fairly stopped.

He opened the door and took Hazel out, and led her into the house, without paying attention to anything but her. He took her up stairs to her own room, which he reached without going through the parlour where Mrs. Coles and Prim were. There he threw off his own snow-covered wrappings and then hers, that he might wrap her in his arms. He did not say what he had been feeling, but his manner of great gladness left Hazel to infer several things. And for a minute or two she was passive, shewing a pale, tired face. But then there swept over her such a sense of what she had escaped, that she could only lay her head down on his shoulder and be still; a shiver running through her as she remembered other souls adrift.

"Have you dined, in the snow, anywhere?" were Rollo's first coherent words. He was not given to talking sentiment. At the same time he was gathering Hazel's cold hands into his.

"I could not help it, Olaf!" Hazel broke out. "I have been whiled about like a brown snowflake."

"And come home frozen." He rang the bell for Phoebe, admonished her to be quick, and went back to the drawing-room. When Hazel a few minutes later followed him, she found a servant bringing in supper. Primrose gave her a welcome kiss, but the other lady exclaimed,—

"Well, my dear! we have all been uneasy about you."

"Nobody ever need—about me," said Wych Hazel. "Unless there is something afoot more serious than a snow-storm."

"It's a wild storm, isn't it?"

"Rather wild. You know, wild things are in my line, Mrs. Coles."

"But now, my dear, I hope. You have not come far in the snow, surely?"

"A little way seems far in such a drive, don't you know it, Prudentia?" remarked Rollo. And he took Wych Hazel out of the chair where she had placed herself and transferred her to a softer one.

"But Dane," Mrs. Coles continued, with her own very peculiar mixture of railery and insinuation,— "aren't you curious? or do you know all already?"

"I know all I want to know at present, thank you."

"Does he always let you do just what you like, Hazel?"

"What I like?" Hazel repeated dreamily, lifting her eyes to the person in question: a swift, secret glance of allegiance which to-night came to him very often. Then she laughed and coloured a little. "I hardly know," she said.

"My 'like' and his 'let' are mixed up in inextricable confusion."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Coles in mock repression, but smiling. "What an admission!"

And I think an inner voice of wisdom admonished her to let the matter rest and say no more; but Mrs. Coles was in a sort of malign fascination at the picture before her. Hazel was in her easy chair; Dane had brought up a low stand before her, and sitting between her and the supper table he was taking care of both; but the care bestowed at his left hand was something the like of which was strange to see. The late Mr. Coles had never introduced his wife to anything of the kind; indeed he had been one of the men who rather expect that their wives shall wait upon them. It was not that Dane was neglecting other people, or that he was making any parade whatever; on the contrary, he was fully attentive to every want of everybody, and of Hazel he was only taking care; yet it was a sort of care and given in a manner that

put miles and miles between her and all other women. I suppose Mrs. Coles felt herself somehow out in the cold, for it was certainly with a little spice of irritation that she opened her lips the next time she spoke.

"But Dane," with an uneasy little laugh, "I really think you are to blame, to allow this little lady—so very young a lady as she is—to run about alone at night in this way. I have really been anxious. I thought you would be a better guardian, when you had the keys once safe."

"Will you have some salad, Prudentia?"

"Salad?—O no, my dear! I think it is very unwholesome."

"Take some ice."

A turn, or at least a check, was given to the conversation. Mrs. Coles could not refuse the ice. Primrose would eat no supper, and was evidently longing to get her sister away. Rollo cut for Hazel a slice of game.

"But, Dane," said Mrs. Coles presently, "don't you think it is very imprudent to eat such heavy things at night? Coffee and salad, and game? This ice is delicious."

"So is the salad," said Dane. "Will you have a bit of the pheasant, Prudentia?"

"My dear! no. I don't see how you reconcile it with your new principles, either, to have such suppers."

Rollo's eye had a flash of laughter in it as it went to Wych Hazel. He asked gravely, "Why not?"

"Mr. Rollo and I have agreed about partridges,"—said Hazel, in whom also fun was beginning to stir, though her eyes kept a far-off look now and then.

"Agreed about partridges!" repeated Mrs. Coles.

"Yes," said Dane. "You had better take some, Prudentia. Roast—a little bit with some bread would not hurt you."

"But the expense, Dane!"

"Yes. What about it?"

"The expense must be fearful of such a supper—in such a house as this."

"A man who wants his horse to do him good service never asks about the price of oats."

"Dane!" said Mrs. Coles laughing and bridling, "do you mean to compare your wife to your horse?"

Rollo was quite silent, long enough to have the silence marked. And when he spoke, it was not to Mrs. Coles, neither did he honour her by so much as a look, during the rest of her stay in the room. Primrose made the stay as short as she could, and Mrs. Coles, who felt that she had lost her footing and did not know how to regain it, suffered herself to be carried away. But while Primrose got a kiss, she was dismissed by her host with a very ceremonious reverence. He had opened the door for the two and closed it behind them. Coming back he bent down to touch his lips to Wych Hazel's cheek.

"If you have any remarks to make, make them!" he said. "I am defenceless, and at your mercy."

But for once Wych Hazel was in a region of air quite beyond Mrs. Coles. She looked up at him wistfully.

"I do not understand," she said, "how you ever came to care about me! It always was a puzzle,—and never so much as to-night." The brown eyes were strangely soft and luminous and humble.

"How is that?" said he quietly, taking his former place beside her and making suggestions of addition to her supper. But Hazel laid down her fork, giving her plate a little push, in the fashion of old times.

"I have been looking into depths," she said,—"abysses. I think I was never really near them, but I might have seemed so."

(To be continued.)

THE EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE,

No. 1363, Ste. Catherine Street, corner of McGill College Avenue, of which we give an illustration in our present number, was opened on the 7th of June, 1876. Mr. Thomas Crathern, the proprietor, is well and favourably known to the Montreal public as an energetic and practical business man. He has a thorough knowledge of spices, oilman sundries, dietetics, &c., having had twenty-five years experience in the drug business, eleven of which as a member of the late firm of Messrs. Kerry, Bros. & Crathern; he was therefore well adapted to open such an establishment for the favourable consideration of the public: He decided to open "The European Warehouse" on strictly temperance principles, and we are pleased to know that among his patrons are many of the oldest and wealthiest families of the city, secured partly on account of the interest they have in the success of such an establishment, but chiefly from the fact that they have ascertained that they can be supplied there with all the necessaries and luxuries of the table, as well if not better than anywhere else; to secure this desirable object the chief efforts of the proprietor are directed. The counter department is under the management of Mr. Walter Paul, an expert in the grocery business, he having had an extensive experience, both here and in Scotland. Such has been the success attending this enterprise, that Mr. Crathern found it absolutely necessary recently to enlarge his premises, which have been increased to double their original size, his present store being 70 feet deep, with warehouse in rear. We find him in full Christmas dress: outside are to be seen deer, wild turkey, prairie hen and partridge in abundance,

while the interior is tastefully decorated. At the extreme end of the store is a very pretty design of holly, with the motto "Glory to God in the highest and on Earth peace, good-will toward men." On the centre table is to be seen a most complete assortment of relishes from the celebrated house of Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell, of Soho Square, London; there are also here two ruby glass fountains, diffusing a most delightful perfume, constantly in play; in fact, each department seems to be complete in itself. He exhibits in his windows three transparencies, the one on McGill College Avenue being the three Graces: Faith, Hope and Charity. In the east window is a picture which evinces a good deal of taste; in the upper part are a choir of angels heralding the birth of Christ, while below is the Christmas tree surrounded by children made happy with Christmas gifts. The west window represents holiday amusements with the legendary lines,

"An unco Tales' an' funny Jokes
Their sports were cheap an' cheery,"

while the good things displayed in the windows reflect great credit on Mr. Paul. We predict for the European Warehouse that continuation of patronage which Mr. Crathern so deservedly merits.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERY.

No. 5.—Can you inform me if any human remains of the pre-historic man of Canada exist in any private or public collections? I have the "os naviculare" of a human foot from a sand pit, five feet below the surface of the ground, with several rude implements, and in proximity to an Elk's horn and portions of the skeleton, but I could find nothing but a few fragments of ribs of the man or woman. If you choose I will get them photographed and sent to you.

J. H. G.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

"A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE."—X (see Query 3 in the NEWS of Dec. 8) is quite mistaken in his opinion that the above proverb is "a meaningless bit of alliteration." He plainly takes the word "miss" as meaning here "an unmarried lady." If it did, his opinion would, of course, be quite correct. But it does not. It is from the verb "to miss," and means "coming short of attaining an end." The idea expressed by the proverb is, therefore, this, "However near one may come gaining an object, if he only came near it, the result is the same as if he came far short of doing so." Let us take as an illustration, the story of William Tell and the apple. Even though it should be false—which is the opinion of some—it matters not for my present purpose. He was promised his life on condition that he would, with a bow and arrow, strike an apple set on his son's head. He did so, and saved his life. Now, suppose he had missed the mark by only the hundredth part of an inch, he might as well, as regards saving his life, have shot in the very opposite direction. Illustrations of the same truth occur every day in our own experience. The religious proverb, "To be almost saved, is to be altogether lost," is a particular application of the one under consideration.

T. F.

Métis, Que.

At the battle of Fontenoy, an Irishman was standing beside his General, when a French bullet cut a portion of the epaulette from the shoulder of the latter, when the Irish soldier shouted, "By dad, a miss is as good as a mile, General." "Yes," replied the General, "no doubt God directed the bullet to miss me." Hence has arisen the proverb in case of accidents that threaten danger, but end harmlessly, "A miss is as good as a mile." I have heard several other origins for this proverb attributed to various scenes. Query: Does X dream that "A miss" means a maid? If so, he is quite "a-miss" in his dreams.

J. H. G.

SCIENTIFIC.

ON an average a man eats annually eight bushels of wheat.

A SHORT nap in a horizontal position is the best preparative for any extraordinary exertion, either of body or of mind.

A CEMENT of ashes and salt will stop cracks in a stove.

WICKS must be changed frequently to insure a good light.

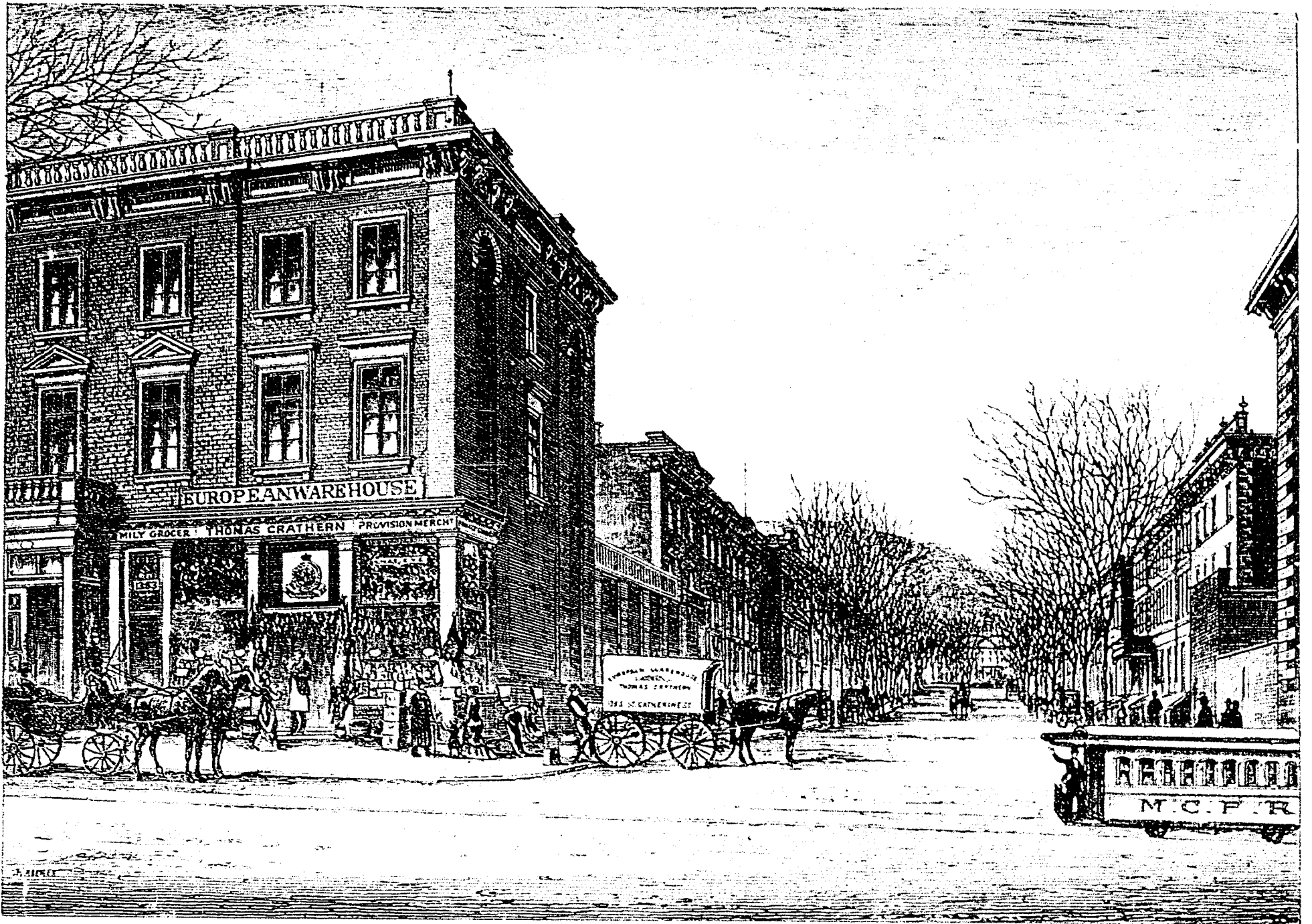
A CUP of water in the oven, while baking, will prevent meats, bread, etc., from burning.

CHEESE kept in a cool larder or cellar, with a clean damp cloth constantly upon it, will never have mites in it, or, if it has, this will soon destroy them, and also improve the cheese.

IT is said that if electrical wires are wrapped around a common tin can a telephone is produced capable of transmitting musical sounds to a similar can through many miles of wire.

AN important hint is given by Dr. Schaal with reference to the taking of cow's milk by persons who have weak stomachs. He says he has always succeeded in avoiding any evil effects by eating a little salt on bread either before or after taking the milk. When he omits to do this, a single glass of milk will produce diarrhoea, whereas with salt he can take a whole litre.

IT is stated that by a careful analysis it has been found that apples contain a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit or vegetable, and on this account they are very important to sedentary men who work with their brain rather than muscles. They also contain the acids which are needed every day, especially for sedentary men, the action of whose liver is sluggish, to eliminate effete matters, which, if retained in the system, produce inaction of the brain, and indeed of the whole system, causing jaundice, sleepiness, scurvy, and troublesome diseases of the skin.



MONTREAL.—THE EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE, 1363 ST. CATHERINE STREET.



THE EASTERN WAR.—VIEW OF ERZEROU.

EMPIRE FIRST, CANADIAN MARCHING SONG.



Words by the EDITOR OF THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Music by J. HENDERSON.

Moderato.

Shall we break the plight of youth, And pledge us to an a lien love No.

We'll hold our faith and truth, Trust . ing in the God a love.

CHORUS.

Sop. Stand firm ly stand Round the flag of Fa ther land!

Cont. Stand firm ly stand Round the flag of Fa ther land!

Ten. Stand firm ly stand Round the flag of Fa ther land!

Bass. Stand firm ly stand Round the flag of Fa ther land!

Words by the EDITOR OF THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Music by J. HENDERSON.

Shall we break the plight of youth, And pledge us to an a lien love? No! We'll hold our faith and truth, Trust ing in the God a love. Stand, Canadians! firm ly stand Round the flag of Fa ther land!

EMPIRE FIRST.

THE MISTLETOE-BOUGH.

I. 'Tis merry 'neath the mistletoe, When holly-berries glisten bright; When Christmas fires gleam and glow, When wintry winds so wildly blow, And all the meadows round are white— 'Tis merry 'neath the mistletoe!

hundred thousand children die annually under the age of five, and three per cent. of these from preventable causes, met her eye. She began to visit the poor, to talk with mothers; she instituted weekly meetings, at which she gave them instruction in regard to preparing nourishing food, and she herself provided large quantities of food for sick children.

HUMOROUS.

A WISE doctor always keeps his temper even if he loses his patients. WHEN is a small baby like a big banker?—When he is a wroth-child. WHY is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly-born babe?—Because it is precious little.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

SOME startling evidence will necessitate the re-opening of the Penge case. THE ground around St. Paul Cathedral is to be turfed, and trees will be planted there.

LORD Beaconsfield is going to emigrate. Report credits him with this intention, perhaps wrongfully. He proposes to leave Whitehall for Belgravia.

THE industrious and prudent Poet Laureate is busily engaged in revising and correcting his poetical works, with the view to get another edition, as it seems that his circle of readers and admirers is almost inexhaustible.

THE Queen, it has been remarked, always gives a Cashmere shawl as a wedding present; but it may not generally be known that they come from the Maharajah of Cashmere, and are a part of the tribute he pays the Empress of India every year.

It is reported that Meiklejohn, ex-detective, inspector, and colleague of "Benson and Co.," is endeavouring to profit by the example of his confederates and obtain a remission of sentence by divulging secrets which materially concern other members of the "force."

THE whole of the omnibus drivers and conductors on the Hammersmith line of the London General Omnibus Company have just received a hare, a pheasant, and a bottle of wine each, to celebrate Baron Rothschild's birthday, the baron appreciating their courtesy and good conduct in his frequent journeys from town to Turnham-green.

CANON FARRAR's remarkable sermon on the subject of eternal punishment, preached at Westminster Abbey, has led to a correspondence between the Canon and the Archbishop of Canterbury, which will probably be shortly published. The Primate's letters are in the nature of a remonstrance; Canon Farrar's in the nature of a defence.

SUCH considerable changes are taking place in the costume of our Volunteers that we shall soon not be able to recognize them. A large number of corps are going in for scarlet uniform, and a regimental order of one of the London battalions says, "As soon as the new helmet has been finally approved of as the headdress of the army, it will be adopted for this regiment." In fact, it will soon require a very keen eye, well versed in military tailoring, to distinguish between a regular and a volunteer.

MR. LEIGHTON has been painting three pictures for next year's Royal Academy exhibition. One is a very large work. The subject is the angel bringing food to Elijah in the wilderness, and the figures are over the life size. The second picture is that of two girls, one holding a skein of silk on her hands, which the other is winding; and the third work is a thoroughly classic study of a girl leaning against a pillar. It may not be generally known that Mr. Leighton is so particular about the moulding of his figures that he always paints them before he paints their drapery. He finds it better to create his lovely forms before clothing them. Worth would like to do the same.

A LADY of rank is performing a wonderful work in London. About two years ago she lost her two infant children, and then devoted her fortune and life to the work of saving the life of children. The statement that in England two

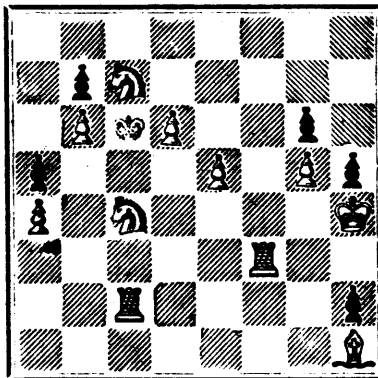
sufficient funds from its members in order to carry out its objects would make it a great burden to any place where it might be permanently located. Our space allows us only the means of calling attention briefly to matters affecting the interest of the Association. At the next annual meeting, which takes place in Montreal, we trust, that before the excitement of the usual Tourney begins, the members present will give the constitution of the Society and its working, the benefit of their thoughtful consideration.

TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

We are glad to announce that after lengthened incubation this Club is again reorganized, with prospect of vigorous action during the present season. The following is the list of officer-bearers:— President—Mr. H. J. Rose. Vice-President—Mr. H. Northcote. Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. M. Hirschberg. Committee—Messrs. Boutilbie, G. L. Madison, J. W. Beatty.

PROBLEM No. 154.

BY M. J. MURPHY, Quebec. BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 229TH.

(From Land and Water.) CHESS IN LONDON, Eng.

A lively game played at Pursesell's some time ago between Mr. Potter and Mr. Earee, the former giving the odds of Pawn and two moves.

(Remove Black's K. B. P.) WHITE.—(Mr. Earee.) BLACK.—(Mr. Potter.)

- 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. B to K 3 4. B to Q 3 5. Kt to KB 3 6. Kt to Kt 5 (b) 7. P to K 5 8. Q to R 5 (ch) 9. B takes P (ch) 10. Kt to B 7 (ch) 11. Kt takes R 12. Q to K 5 13. B to Q 2 14. Kt to B 7 (d) 15. Kt to K 5 (e) 16. Q to B 4 17. Q takes K Kt 18. Q to R 4 19. R to B sq (f) 20. Q to R 6 21. K to K 2 22. B to K 3

NOTES.

- (a) This defence has proved very successful against amateurs, not only strong but experienced, at these odds. (b) Unusual, but not wanting in ingenuity. (c) Kt to K R 3 would have been sounder. (d) Not good. He should have played B takes R P. (e) He will not, as might be imagined, lose a piece immediately by this move, but there are eventualities in store which will prove sufficiently disastrous. (f) If 19. R to Kt sq 20. K to Q 4 21. Q to Kt 3 22. K to K sq 23. Q takes Kt 10. Kt to B 6 (ch) 20. Kt takes R 21. B to B 6 (ch) 21. B to Q 3 22. Q to K 4 (ch) etc. Or 23. B to B 4 23. Kt to K 7 (g) On account of the fatal check at Kt 4.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 152.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q 6 2. Kt to Q Kt 5 (ch) 3. Pawn mates BLACK. 1. B takes B (a) 2. K to Q B 5

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 150.

- WHITE. 1. Q to KB 6 2. Mates accordingly BLACK. 1. Any move

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 151.

- WHITE. K at K sq R at QR 5 Kt at QR 7 Kt at Q Kt 6 Pawn at Q 5 BLACK. K at Q Kt sq R at K R sq Kt at Q B 2 Pawns at Q 3 and Q Kt 2 White to play and mate in three moves.

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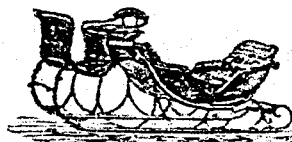
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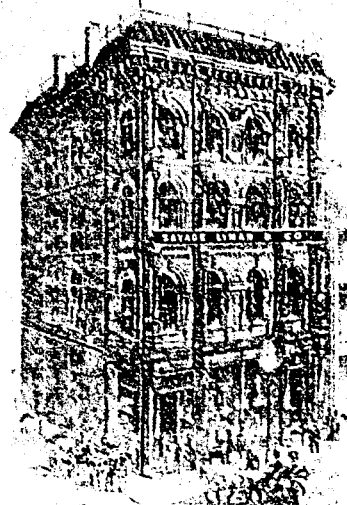
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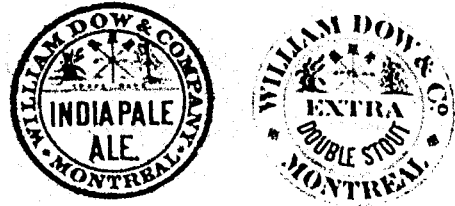
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